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JULY 19, 1976

TIME

Inside
Convention City



Special Section: Olympics Preview
Also: The Glorious 4th in Color

Why is Tareyton better? Others remove.



Tareyton improves.

The Reason is Activated Charcoal

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency recently reported that granular activated carbon (charcoal) is the best available method for filtering water.

As a matter of fact, many cities across the United States have instituted charcoal filtration systems for their drinking water supplies.

The evidence is mounting that activated charcoal does indeed improve the taste of drinking water.



Charcoal: History's No. 1 filter

Charcoal was used by the ancient Egyptians as early as 1550 B.C.



Charcoal has been used ever since then in many manufacturing processes, including the refining of sugar!



Charcoal made the gas mask possible in World War I.

Charcoal is used today for masks that are required equipment in many industries.



Charcoal helps freshen air in submarines and spacecraft.



Charcoal is used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons.



Charcoal also plays a key role in auto pollution control devices.

Activated charcoal does something for cigarette smoke, too.

While plain white filters reduce tar and nicotine, they also remove taste.

But Tareyton scientists created a unique, two-part filter—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Tar and nicotine are reduced...but the taste is actually improved by charcoal. Charcoal in Tareyton smooths and balances and improves the tobacco taste.



"...That's why us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch."



**Tareyton is America's
best-selling charcoal filter cigarette.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76.
100 mm: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76.

'76 Audis for \$1000 less than Volvos and BMWs

(even Saabs and Peugeots,
for that matter).



No tricks. No word games. You can actually get our least expensive Audi than the least expensive Volvo, BMW, Saab or Peugeot.

for about \$1000 less

And not only will you be spending less, but you'll be getting more.

More miles per gallon than any of them: 37 on the highway and 24 in the city for our standard shift model based on the latest EPA estimates. (Mileage can vary, of course, depending on the car's condition, optional equipment, as well as the way you drive.)

You'll also be getting advanced engineering features, like fuel injection, front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, dual diagonal brakes and torsion crank rear axle.

Better hurry, though. When you offer so much car for so little money, they don't stay around so long.

Based on Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price, East Coast or West Coast P.O.E.

That Great American Doll

To the Editors:

All this *TIME* reader wants to know is where that blonde on the cover [June 28] is traveling to.

Bill Kauzlarich
Farmington, Ill.

The great American doll is still gleaming her plastic smile from the back seat, inadequately dressed for the cross-country trek. Why not give her sensible clothes, a protective helmet for her head, her own motorcycle and that wide-open highway?

The cuties, all-American blonde



you project, glossy and slick, is vacuous to this American woman.

Maria Friedrich
St. Paul

It is a relief to find an American travelogue without the obligatory '76 Bicentennial rhetoric.

Although "purple mountain majesties" and "amber waves of grain" are important aspects of our national heritage, what would America be without Disneyland, Baskin-Robbins or the buffalo burger?

Martin Kobren
Reisterstown, Md.

It is a shame that *TIME* should feel it necessary to bestow upon its readers yet another display of Bicentennial baloney. What is even more distasteful is its form—red, white and blue cheesecake.

Margaret Condon
Hartford, Conn.

You never even mention by name, nor does your Cartographer Rosenblum show on his map, the scenic spot probably viewed by more people than any other on this continent. More brides and grooms, yes, kings and queens, princes

and princesses, heads of state, world-famous figures and millions of others come to see and wonder at Niagara Falls.

Herbert P. Nagel
Kenmore, N.Y.

Even though it was evident that you had the facts, the first few paragraphs were enough to scare off even the hardest traveler. After all, who wants to find himself awash in \$61 billion of film and disposable diapers?

Jacques C. Cossé, Director of P.R.
Hilton Hotels Corp.
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Cruel and Brutal

Once again South Africa [June 28] and its cruel, brutal and archaic leaders have shown their true colors. Their riot control methods remind one of Australia's early days when in many areas the fashionable sport for the young bloods was to go out and shoot an origine. The harvest that Prime Minister Vorster will reap will be one of violence and death as blacks swarm through cities like Johannesburg, aided by Marxist countries whose ideology is able to breed, as it always has been able to, in poverty, misery and oppression.

Garth Godman
Perth, Australia

The Soweto uprising demonstrates that shooting blacks and clubbing whites only help to polarize South Africa. The leaders on both sides should take a long hard look at America in the 1960s in order to see how killing, rioting and looting polarized the U.S.

Thomas Ward
Collegeville, Pa.

Henry Kissinger is sowing the seeds of hatred and violent confrontation on the continent of Africa.

In his many condemnations of the South African government's policies of separate but equal development, or apartheid, Dr. Kissinger is giving moral support to the many subversive terrorists who want J. Vorster and Ian Smith out.

Thank God that South Africa has laws to quell such disturbances as the one in Soweto.

Vincent Brown
San Francisco

Not Executed

As a U.S. Foreign Service officer, I condemn your use of the word executed to describe the murder of Am-

bassador Cleo Noel and his deputy George Moore [June 28]. My Webster defines execute as, "put to death in compliance with a legal sentence." The thugs responsible for such assassinations will doubtless be encouraged to receive such a mantle of respectability for their atrocities.

William H. Mills
El Paso

The assassination of Francis Meloy and Robert Waring, as well as other U.S. diplomats, can be attributed to the United Nations.

The invitation to Yasser Arafat to address the U.N. assembly and the inclusion of P.L.O. delegates to participate and attend sessions, put the seal of approval on terrorism.

Jerome C. Engelman
Hollywood, Fla.

Donald Duck and Dopey

Looking at the choices we have for President in '76 I'm happy for the first time that I am not old enough to vote. Choosing between Carter, Reagan and Ford [June 21] is like choosing Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck or Dopey.

Kathy Hite
Walnut Creek, Calif.

A presidential candidate's religious beliefs and regional background are specious criteria for assessing whether he will ultimately be "good for the Jews." The most reliable guarantee of security for American Jewry, as for all subcultures in our pluralistic society, is the fundamental moral integrity of our national leadership. Accordingly, Jimmy Carter will receive my vote.

Barry D. Kellman
Jerusalem

It is a quirk in our political system that we tend to elect an accomplished campaigner rather than a potential President. Jerry Ford is the first to admit he is a rather bland campaigner. Yet as President his leadership has been calm and productive.

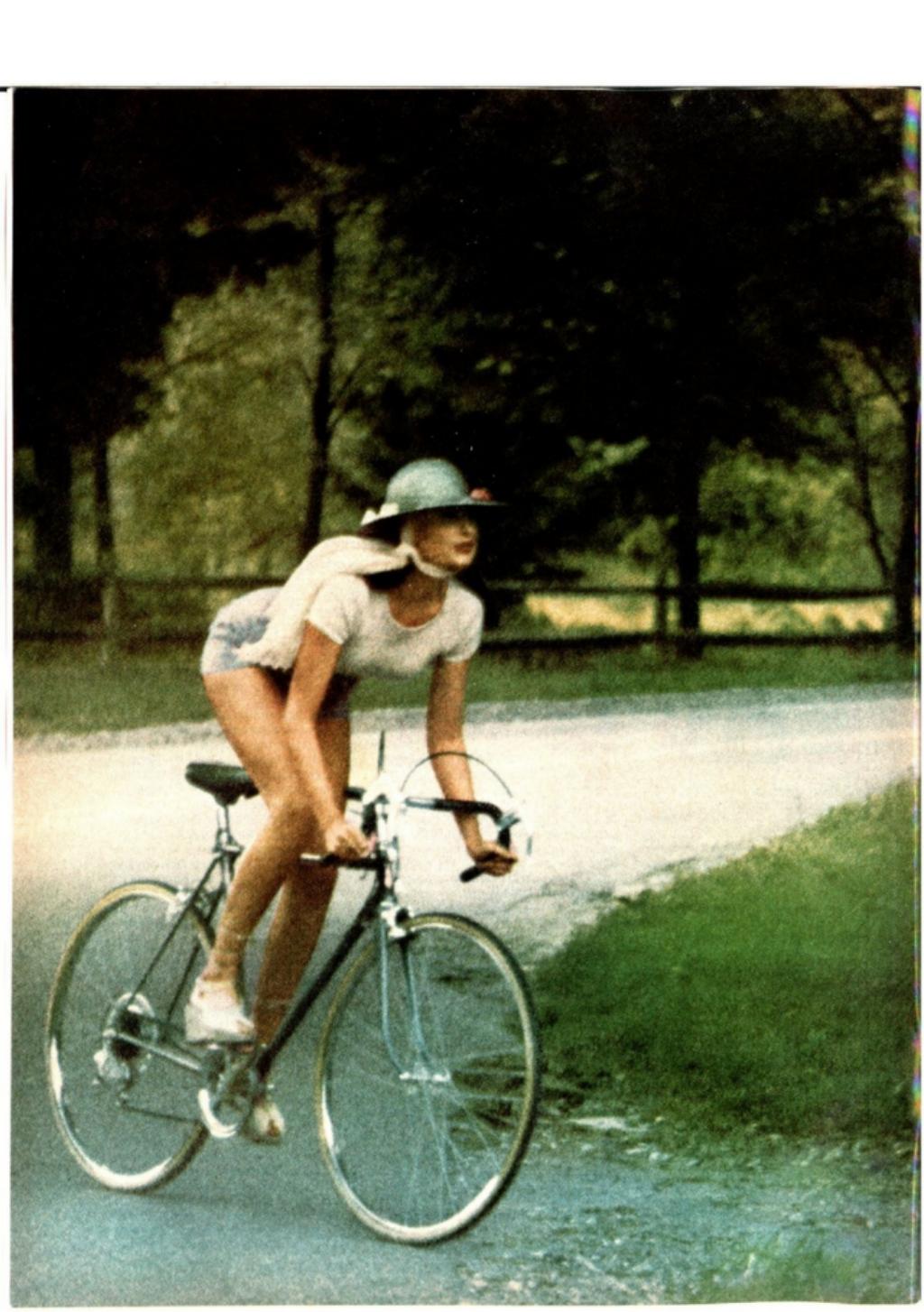
Have not the lessons of '68 and '72 taught us that flamboyant campaign rhetoric and idealistic promises mean little after Election Day?

Patrick F. Gallo
Austin, Texas

The Worms Turn

So the worms in the Big Apple are going to rip off the participants in the Democratic National Convention [June 28]. This situation illustrates vividly the reasons for New York City's woes.

The combination of money-grubbing union bosses, greedy businessmen and spineless government officials who



Is the leg mightier than the atom?

Before you say no, keep in mind that we know very little about many forms of energy available to us.

Including good old muscle power.

For too long a time we've relied on oil and gas to serve our needs, and failed to take full advantage of other sources of power.

Including the atom.

But recent events make it clear we must learn about all the options, and how best to apply them.

At Union Carbide we're studying a wide range of energy technologies and resources for the Energy Research and Development Administration.

From something as basic as recycling to the complexity of controlling nuclear fusion.

For instance, we are learning how to turn coal into oil and gas in a way that is practical economically.

We're deeply involved in nuclear research, particularly in finding ways to make this important source of energy safer and more efficient.

Our work in fusion power, at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, offers the most exciting possibility for the future: the ultimate source of inexhaustible energy.

If we succeed, there will never be another energy crisis.

But for the present, the answer to our energy dilemma is not likely to come from one source, but many. All the way from the leg to the atom.



**Today, something we do
will touch your life.**

Of all menthol 100's: Iceberg 100's are lowest in tar!

Actually 65% lower
tar than the two
best-selling
menthol Kings!



*ICEBERG 100's "tar" 5 mg., nicotine 0.5 mg.
Brand K "tar" 17 mg., nicotine 1.3 mg.
Brand S "tar" 19 mg., nicotine 1.3 mg.
*Of all brands, lowest "tar" 1 mg., nicotine 0.1 mg.
*Av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has
Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health.

5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine;
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

FORUM

allow this kind of fleecing will lead us all into bankruptcy. And if the Democrats allow themselves to be taken by these brigands, they are unworthy of our votes in November.

Lee Fahrney
Derby, Kans.

What Is a Baptist?

Your one-sided, negative and non-factual presentation reinforces the illusion that Southern Baptists are primarily racist, unintelligent and irrelevant [June 21]. It completely ignores what Baptists are most famous for, namely, freedom and individual rights.

(The Rev.) Dan Ivins
Bowie, Md.

Plugging the Leak

I would like to point out the poor management that caused and allowed the dam on Teton Creek in Idaho to collapse [June 21]. Someone in that area should have understood what to do in an emergency. The pictures show the bulldozers trying to stop the leak from below the dam. Any person with any knowledge at all of stopping a leak in a structure holding water would know the leak must be stopped from the upper side of the dam.

Emory Kimball
Casper, Wyo.

The first photo shows the futile effort of trying to plug a leak on the dry side of a dam bank. Any farmer familiar with dams and irrigation knows you must plug the hole at the source on the water side.

Connie Christensen
Weldona, Colo.

Capote's Company

The author of *A Christmas Memory* and *In Cold Blood* will no doubt be surprised to find himself in the company of such renowned novelists as John Ehrlichman and Elizabeth Ray [June 28] and to have the first installment of *Answered Prayers* dismissed as making his readers "throw up" while his characters eat lunch. When the book is published, those who regard Truman Capote as the gifted writer he is may well throw up while Melvin Maddocks eats his words.

Madeline Porter
Boulder, Colo.

Ghastly Error

Your statement [June 7] that Sylvia Wallace was "a former ghostwriter" for me is completely erroneous.

Sheila Graham
London

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building,
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

Of all filter 100's: Lucky 100's are lowest in tar!

Actually 65% lower
tar than the two
best-selling
filter Kings!



*LUCKY 100's "tar" 5 mg., nicotine 0.5 mg.
Brand M "tar" 17 mg., nicotine 1.0 mg.
Brand W "tar" 18 mg., nicotine 1.2 mg.
*Of all brands, lowest "tar" 1 mg., nicotine 0.1 mg.

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has
Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health.

5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine;
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Problem: Move 4 million tons of coal 1,700 miles

Solution: Use aluminum- bodied coal cars and save over 2,000,000 gallons of diesel fuel

Consider the energy-saving advantages of lightweight, long-lasting aluminum-bodied coal cars for carrying coal from mine to electric generating stations.*

- Aluminum-bodied coal cars offer greater payload capacity. This means fewer cars or fewer trips. Either way, there are important fuel savings. In this case, as much as over 70 million gallons during the projected 35-year life of the generating plant.
- Unit trains with aluminum cars use less fuel on the empty return trip because they're lighter.
- The higher initial cost for aluminum cars is quickly recovered by savings in operating and maintenance costs.

Aluminum unit train coal cars are not a new idea. There are almost 2,000 now in this service with 746 having logged more than a million miles each in 15 years of successful performance.

The significant fuel and operating savings of aluminum coal cars in unit trains can make the generation of electricity less costly for the utility. It is another reason why Alcoa says the reasons for using aluminum are found in aluminum itself.

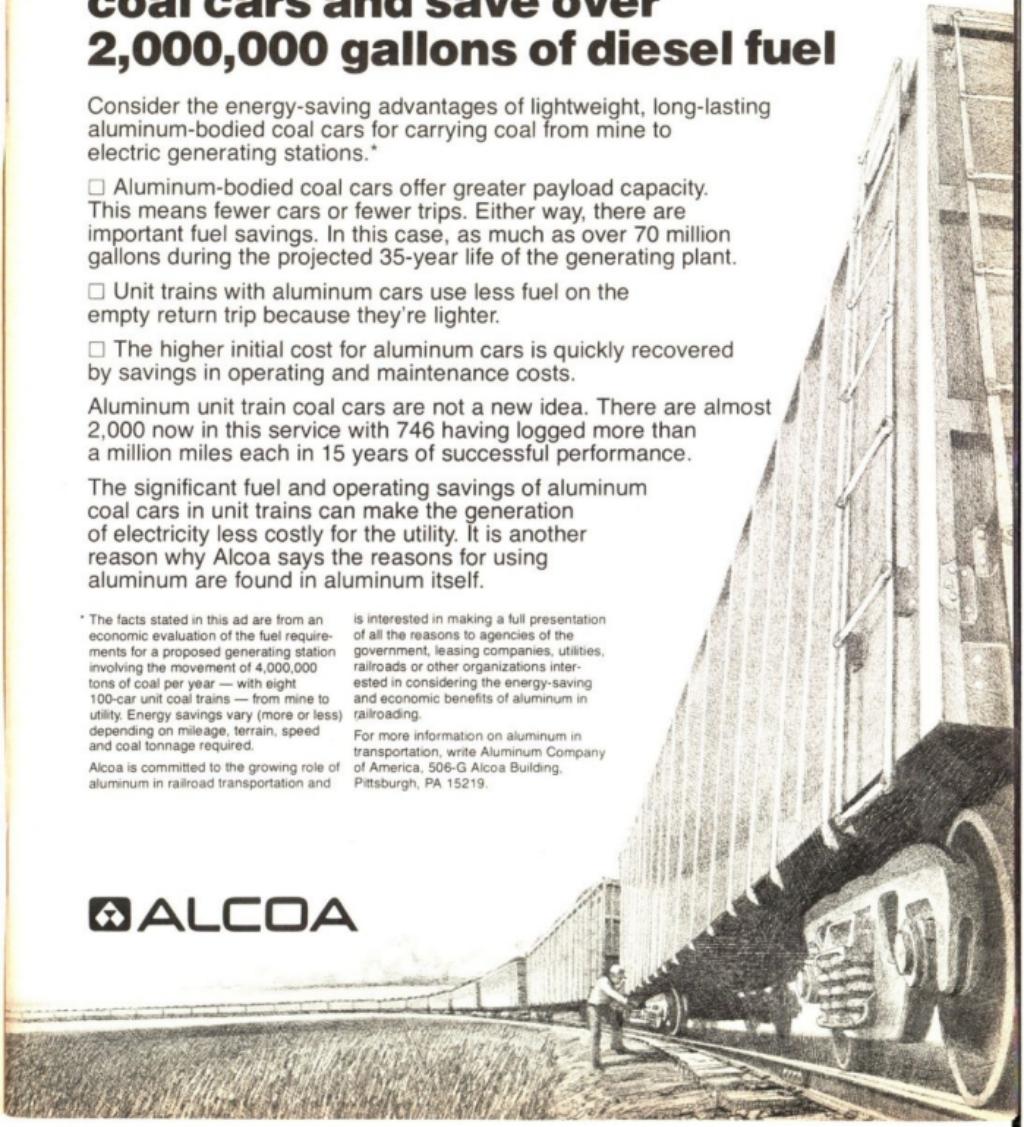
* The facts stated in this ad are from an economic evaluation of the fuel requirements for a proposed generating station involving the movement of 4,000,000 tons of coal per year — with eight 100-car unit coal trains — from mine to utility. Energy savings vary (more or less) depending on mileage, terrain, speed and coal tonnage required.

Alcoa is committed to the growing role of aluminum in railroad transportation and

is interested in making a full presentation of all the reasons to agencies of the government, leasing companies, utilities, railroads or other organizations interested in considering the energy-saving and economic benefits of aluminum in railroading.

For more information on aluminum in transportation, write Aluminum Company of America, 506-G Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, PA 15219.

 **ALCOA**



BICENTENNIAL

Oh, What a Lovely Party!

It was a real blast, a superbash, a party unlike any other party, ever. It stretched from coast to coast, from dawn to the small hours and then some—a glorious and gigantic birthday wingding that mobilized millions for a gaudy extravaganza of parades and picnics, rodeos and regattas, fireworks and other festivities too numerous to catalogue. It was an altogether fitting celebration of the 200th anniversary of America's independence, and perhaps the best part of it was that its supreme characteristics were good will, good humor and, after a long night of paralyzing self-doubt, good feelings about the U.S.

The big party officially began on northeastern Maine's Mars Hill. It was there, at 4:31 a.m., that the rays of the rising sun first struck U.S. soil on July 4, and 550 local potato farmers and tourists cheered wildly as National Guardsmen fired a 50-gun salute and raised an American flag. More than 7,500 miles west of Maine, 15,000 people—almost half the population of American Samoa—crammed into the capital, Pago Pago, for a weekend of pole climbing, dancing competitions and boat races.

So began and ended the nation's July 4 birthday party, but Bicentennial ceremonies continued through the week and will go on for some time to come. The magnificent tall ships that so enthralled New Yorkers raised anchor and headed toward more than a dozen cities, including Boston, Miami, Chicago and Los Angeles. Ten U.S. cities played host to Queen Elizabeth II, blood descendant of the last British monarch to reign over the colonies. Elsewhere, Revolutionary War battles and other historic events will be commemorated through the rest of the year.

Still, no one day is likely to match the fabulous Fourth. On the eve of the holiday, President Ford urged Americans to "break out the flag, strike up the band, light up the sky." They did all that, with gusto (see color pages). On the big day itself, Ford set the tone at Philadelphia's Independence Hall, where representatives of the 13 colonies signed the Declaration in 1776. Said he: "Liberty is a living flame to be fed, not dead ashes to be revered."

Americans, who still pride themselves on producing the biggest and the best, made it a day of superlatives: the largest cherry pie (60 sq. ft.), in George, Wash.; the biggest firecracker (a 165-lb. skyrocket), in Vancouver, Wash.; the most mammoth fireworks display (33½

tons), in Washington, D.C.; and the biggest crowd (7 million), in New York City.

The most spectacular event was the gathering at New York of 212 sailing ships from 34 nations, including 16 of the world's largest windjammers. Led by the Coast Guard training ship *Eagle*, the armada glided past an honor guard of warships in the harbor and up the Hudson River. By Coast Guard estimate, some 30,000 small boats, ranging from 90-ft. yachts to dinghies and kayaks, maneuvered for a view in the crowded water. Aboard the 80,000-ton aircraft car-



rier U.S.S. *Forrestal*, host ship for the nautical review, a radar operator stared at his screen in disbelief. Said he: "It looks like it's broken out with measles."

The view from the sailing ships was equally impressive. After sailing from Newport, R.I., to the Hudson aboard the Spanish topsail schooner *Juan Sebastian de Elcano*, TIME Senior Editor Timothy Foote reported: "Westward, toward Staten Island, and north toward the towers of Manhattan, the boats were as thick as a Hollywood director's dream of Dunkirk. Blimps and helicopters cavorted around the towers of the World Trade Center like tropical fish in a tank. Thunderous salutes and puffs of smoke exploded from Navy vessels."

Roars for More. "Off Sputjen Duyvil the tall ships moved in toward the eastern shore, waiting to come about. Heading back, we got our first look at the other sailboats behind us in the parade: *Gypsy Moth V*; the schooner *Sir Winston Churchill* with its all-women crew; a full-scale model of the *Santa Maria*; a Viking ship powered by an outboard Evinrude."

Aboard the *Forrestal* were more than 3,000 guests, including Monaco's

Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, Norway's Crown Prince Harald and Princess Sonja, 70 foreign ambassadors, 50 members of Congress, most of the U.S. Cabinet and the President.

In Boston the ceremonies began with an otherworldly touch. Light from the star *epsilon Lyrae*, 200 light-years from earth, was converted into electrical current at the University of Hawaii's observatory, transmitted to Boston's Old North Church and used to light two replicas of the lanterns that signaled the midnight ride of Paul Revere in 1775. That night some 400,000 people, the biggest throng in the city's history, crowded onto the narrow Esplanade along the Charles River to hear a Boston Pops concert. As the orchestra reached the finale of Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture*, 105-mm. howitzers boomed, church bells pealed, fireworks showered the skies with color, and the crowds roared for more.

In Philadelphia at least 1 million people showed up for a re-enactment of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. At 2 p.m. the cracked Liberty Bell was struck softly with a rubber mallet. At the same time, Ford tolled the ship's bell aboard the *Forrestal* 13 times—once for each of the original colonies—and bells began pealing simultaneously all across the country in a joyous national chorus.

So it went in nearly every city and town in the country. There were massive parades, including a 10.8-mile-long spectacular in Los Angeles and a two-hour-long parade on Atlanta's Peachtree Street, in which the winning float was decorated with 2,000 roses, 2,500 daisies, 2,750 carnations, 5,000 gypsophila ("babies'-breath"), 10,000 ferns, 10,000 jade palms, 18,000 chrysanthemums and a lesser number of orchids, asters and sweetheart roses.

Upbeat Spirits. In Miami's "Little Havana," 20,000 people turned out for one of the biggest block parties ever staged. New Orleans' Jackson Square overflowed with throngs for the unveiling of a statue of the late Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong, who would have been 76 in the Bicentennial year. Oaths of allegiance in mass naturalization ceremonies were administered to 7,141 new citizens in Miami, 1,776 in Chicago, 1,100 in Detroit.

Not every event took place as scheduled. Scientists postponed the Mars landing of the Viking 1 space mission until a smoother touchdown site could





STEVE PHILLIPS—CONTACT

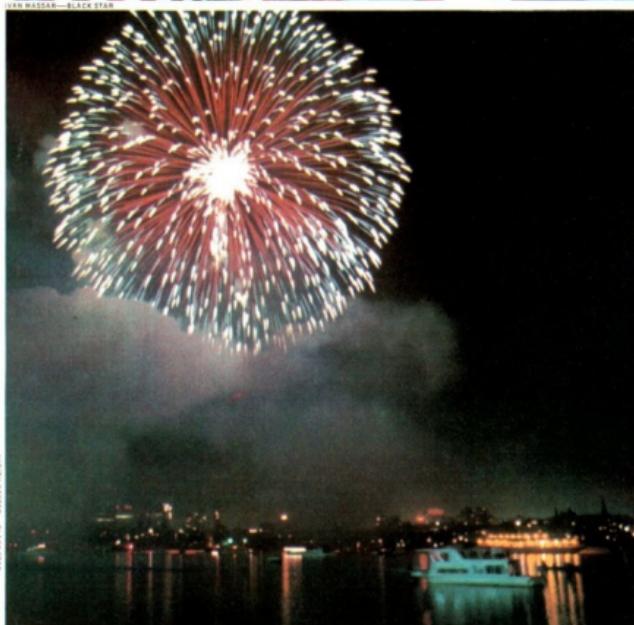


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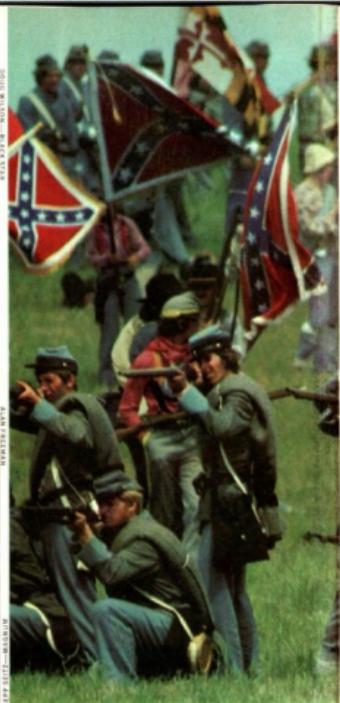


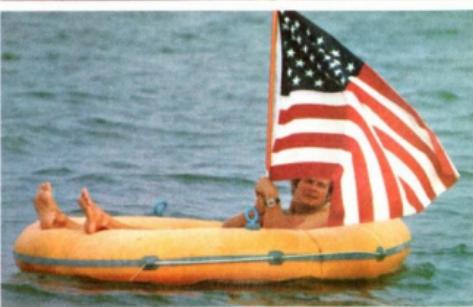
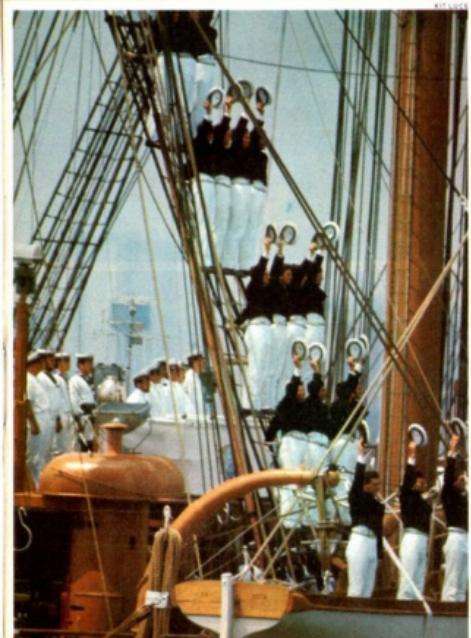
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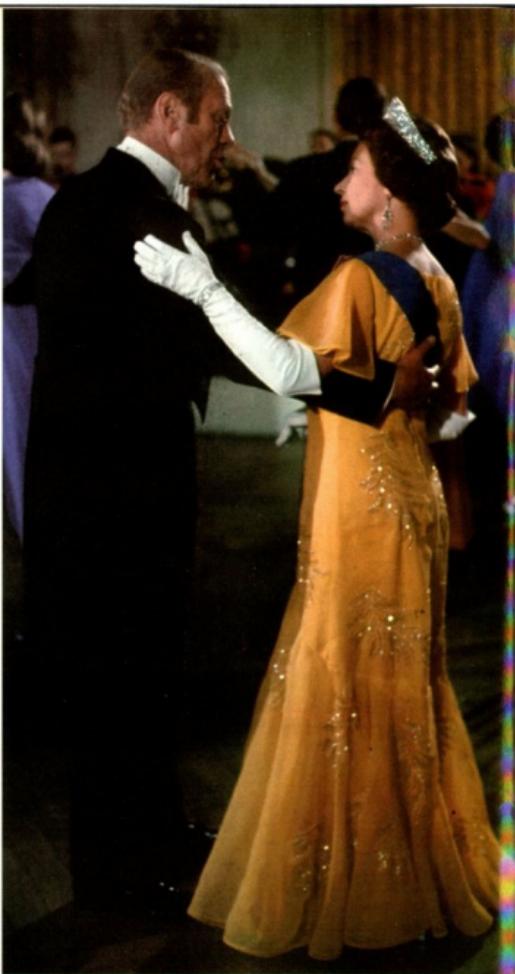
A cascade of color and an album of American faces (clockwise from top left): fireworks over the Statue of Liberty; young celebrator in Atlanta; fife and drum corps marching in Philadelphia; fireworks over Boston's Charles River; Shriner parading in Webster Groves, Mo.; fireworks in Jacksonville near Seaboard Coast Line Building lighted to represent the U.S. flag; a multihued Uncle Sam in Washington; a costumed Abe Lincoln resting near Philadelphia's Independence Hall.



Clockwise from right: boys in Seattle re-enacting the flag raising on Iwo Jima's Mount Suribachi; Civil War buffs in Pennsylvania re-creating the Battle of Gettysburg (July 1-4, 1863); a parade float representing the founding fathers in Los Angeles; a water-borne celebrant at Wrightsville Beach, N.C.; Italian cadets saluting aboard the Amerigo Vespucci on the Hudson River; Spain's Juan Sebastian de Elcano sailing past New York City's World Trade Center; marchers in Indian costumes heading up Manhattan's Avenue of the Americas.







be found (see SCIENCE). On New York's Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, gusty winds shredded the world's largest American flag, half again as big as a football field. Because an elevator broke down in the Washington Monument, officials were unable to write 1776-1976 HAPPY BIRTHDAY AMERICA in the sky with a laser beam.

But none of the miscues—and there were almost miraculously few—could dim Americans' upbeat spirits. Despite the immense crowds and huge traffic jams, people almost everywhere were remarkably good-natured and mutually helpful. There were few accidents and no major disturbances. Instead, across the country, there were moments and

images to cherish: the Hudson River excursion boat that limped past the *Forrestal*, listing precariously because all its passengers had rushed to the starboard side to salute the flagship and sing the national anthem; the police chief of Indianapolis, surveying the sort of throng that usually gives cops nightmares, and beaming, "The backbone of America is out here."

And everywhere, the flag. Not so long ago, it was a symbol of division—burned by some or worn on the seats of their faded jeans, flaunted by others in their lapels or on their auto aerials. Last week it seemed to be back in its historic place as a loved and honored emblem of American unity.

A Glittering Courtesy Call

Tongue firmly in cheek. The Economist of London chose last week to publish a Declaration of Independence, suggesting that Britain might be better off reunited with "our American Brethren" as the 51st state. Among the magazine's grievances against the present government: "They have repeatedly and cruelly increased the Price of stamps, thereby effectively levying a Stamp Tax; they have reduced the Value of the Pound to just over 1,776 Dollars, which is an excessively Bicentennial Figure." The Declaration acknowledged past differences ("What if we did burn down Washington in 1814? Jimmy Carter, at least, ought to approve"), but in support of its plea for reunification pledged "our Lives, what is left of our Fortunes and what is left of our sacred Honour." The Economist's Declaration was a new wrinkle on an old theme: in George Bernard Shaw's 1929 political comedy, The Apple Cart, a British monarch rejects a U.S. plea for reunification out of fear that England would become, in effect, just another American state.

Nothing, of course, could have been further from the mind of Queen Elizabeth II last week, when she paid the most glittering courtesy call of the U.S. Bicentennial—a five-day visit to the former colonies of her great-great-great-grandfather, George III. Still, she noted, while the events of 1776 may have severed constitutional ties between the two countries, the rupture "did not for long break our friendship." She went so far as to thank the American founding fathers for "a very valuable lesson." Said the Queen: "We learned to respect the right of others to govern themselves in their own way."

Making her second state visit to the U.S., the Queen came ashore with her husband, Prince Philip, and an entourage of more than 50 from the 412-ft. royal yacht *Britannia* at Penn's Landing in Philadelphia. In Independence Hall she presented Britain's Bicentennial gift to the U.S.: a six-ton bell cast in London's Whitechapel Foundry.

which made the original Liberty Bell in 1752. Philadelphia's rough-hewn Mayor Frank Rizzo was nearly overcome by it all. "A little boy from South Philadelphia having lunch and dinner with the Queen," he gushed. "Only in America can that happen."

The most elaborate U.S. function for the Queen was a state dinner in the White House Rose Garden, bordered with Queen Elizabeth roses. Under a gleaming white canopy and with TV cameras recording the event (see SHOW BUSINESS & TV), 224 guests gathered in a dazzle of diamonds and a cloud of pastel-tinted chiffon and crepe. Among them were Lady Bird Johnson, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Telly Savalas (star of *Kojak*, the Queen's favorite TV program), Olympic Skater Dorothy Hamill and White House Economic Adviser Alan Greenspan, who escorted TV's Barbara Walters.

After a dinner featuring New England lobster *en belleve*, saddle of veal, peach ice cream bombe and three American wines, the guests endured an hour of indifferent entertainment. The headliner, at Elizabeth's request, was British-born Comedian Bob Hope, who delivered some uncharacteristically flat one-liners ("When we see a crown in America, we expect a margarine commercial"). When the orchestra struck up a waltz, Ford danced sedately with the Queen. Halfway through a number, to his surprise, he was cut in on by Vice President Nelson Rockefeller. Said he: "Best party in six presidencies."

Rocky's Pat. Next day Rocky stole another scene—this one from House Speaker Carl Albert, who was the Queen's official host at a luncheon with congressional notables. For the first part of the meal, Rockefeller monopolized Elizabeth, while Albert had to settle for a chat with British Foreign Secretary Anthony Crosland. After lunch, Rocky committed a minor breach of protocol by giving the Queen an unroyal pat on her back as she viewed the copy of the Magna Carta that was on display in the Capitol's Rotunda.

After a dinner in Ford's honor at the British Embassy that night, the Queen displayed a rather thorough knowledge of the sporting world during a reception for 1,400 guests. "How are you feeling?" she asked Boxer Muhammad Ali, who was still limping from Japanese Wrestler Antonio Inoki's bruising kicks in their recent bout. "Which leg was hurt the worst?" It was his left, and it was getting better.

Rubbernecks. For the most part, when the Queen and Philip were not occupied with formal functions, they rubbernecked, albeit in regal style. They took in a dozen historic sites in Washington. At the Lincoln Memorial, the Queen warmly greeted more than a dozen of her subjects from Commonwealth nations who were lining the steps. As she was about to leave, the horse-loving Queen caught sight of mounted police Sergeant Dennis Ayres and his bay stallion. Like a Bull. She strode through the motorcade and, delaying her departure, chatted with Ayres about the horse.

In New York, Elizabeth made a side trip to trendy Bloomingdale's, where she watched a fashion show and was given a 19th century Sioux pipe. The royal couple also visited Newport, R.I., and Boston, where they worshipped at Old North Church. Before heading for Montreal to open the Olympics—their daughter, Princess Anne, is a member of Britain's equestrian team—the royal couple toured the U.S.S. Constitution, yet another relic of an Anglo-American war. No matter. While Elizabeth's forebears lost a continent two centuries ago, she won over a nation last week with her warmth and easy grace.



THE ROYAL COUPLE IN MANHATTAN
Winning a nation with grace.



JIMMY CARTER TURNS ON A SMILE FOR CROWD OUTSIDE MANHATTAN'S AMERICANA HOTEL

THE CONVENTION / COVER STORY

CARTER & CO. MEET NEW YORK

Approaching it on the New Jersey Turnpike just after dusk, a driver stares across sulfurous marshes, the burn-off fires of oil refineries flickering like purgatory. Then all at once, in the distance, he sees the city, a kind of Oz, its lighted crystal buildings like piled diamonds. F. Scott Fitzgerald once said that looking at Manhattan from afar was always to behold it "in its first wild promise of all the mystery and the beauty in the world."

Well, illusions cannot last forever. As they gather for the Democratic National Convention, the 5,000 delegates and alternates—as well as roughly 15,000 party workers, families, journalists and hangers-on—may have a considerably less magical view of New York. For one thing, most are taking in the city from the scruffy perspective of Madison Square Garden's environs, and the first impression will not be good. It is a mean and somewhat scrofulous West Side neighborhood, not far from the old Hell's Kitchen. Skells, panhandlers and a brigade of whores are working the streets, trying to avoid the 1,200 uniformed cops and 250 undercover men and women. The marques of the porn theaters to the north are alight with titles like *China Lust* and *Headmaster: There's Pleasure in Pain*. Men at once jaunty and furtive are handing out leaflets advertising mas-

did missionary work in the Northern slums. At any rate, the contrast between the nimbus around the podium during Carter's acceptance speech and the derelict streets outside promised to be a memorable touch.

The political host for the convention, the New York State Democratic Party, recently contributed some minor squalor to the air. The state chairman was indicted on charges of selling a judgeship and tampering with evidence. Yet it was typical of the new unity of the party that the New York Democrats, so prominent a force in years past, are binding together with others in the old Democratic coalition across the country—labor, minorities and so on. The prospect of victory, the scent of Republican blood, has been a powerful party healer.

Democratic National Committee Chairman Robert Strauss has persistently worked the theme of party unity. It would doubtless be an underpinning of the keynote addresses by Ohio Senator John Glenn and Texas Congresswoman Barbara Jordan. In his acceptance speech Thursday night, Carter himself intends to look further ahead, stressing reorganization in Washington, openness and responsiveness in Government, competence and trust. He will probably not attempt to coin a New Deal-style slogan or spend much time criticizing the Republicans. Carter and his staff are planning a speech to last only about 20 minutes.

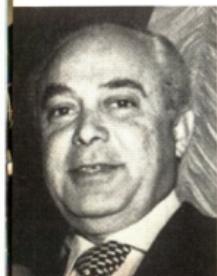
This week's convention is the first that either party has held in New York since 1924, when the Democrats nominated John W. Davis on the 103rd ballot in an earlier incarnation of the Garden. The impetuous city government has invested some \$3.5 million in the convention, hoping for a return of more than \$20 million in business for New York. Among other things, the city is counting on the convention to help re-

ROBERT STRAUSS

CONGRESSWOMAN LINDY BOGGS

JOHN GLENN

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD



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FUN CITY

HUDSON RIVER



HUDSON R. DAY LINE



Edward Rosenblum

THE NATION

pair New York's soiled image, in much the way that the immense and almost unexpectedly peaceful Fourth of July celebrations did.

Inside the Garden, delegates and others are somewhat less crammed together than subway straphangers in rush hour. The oval arena has considerably less floor space than, for example, the hall used at the Miami Beach Convention Center, and everyone is getting along with about one-quarter of the working area normally expected at a convention. The delegates are seated in close array in the center of the arena. Behind them in the first and second loges are the alternates; then, in steeply ascending galleries, politicians and guests. Long desks for the writing press flank the specially built 12-ft.-high podium. Each delegation chairman has a red "hot-line" phone to talk with the podium, which is presided over by Convention Chairperson Lindy Boggs, a Louisiana Congresswoman. When the receiver is taken off the hook, a light at the rostrum signals and the caller can ask to be recognized.

The convention is fairly dry in more ways than one. The Democratic National Committee decreed that no liquor or beer can be sold inside the Garden. The Democrats are also doing without balloons, streamers and other traditional convention frills—though of course Carter fans may bring their own confetti into the Garden. Even with a "clean convention," it costs more than \$8,000 a night to sweep up after the delegates.

The delegates' hotels are scattered up and down Manhattan, ranging from the Waldorf Astoria at \$47 to \$66 a night for a double, to the Abbey Victoria at \$30 to \$33. Early on in the primary season, Carter's forces had been booked into the City Squire Inn. When Carter became the assured winner, his workers demanded—and got—250 rooms in the much larger Americana, a flashy plastic version of Miami Beach set down on Seventh Avenue. Carter and Wife Rosalynn were assigned a five-room suite with a canopied bed on the 21st floor.

The 20,000 convention visitors in New York this week are being joined indirectly by millions of others who are getting a glimpse of the doings in Manhattan on their TV screens. The conventioneers are just a fraction of the estimated 5 million tourists who will visit the city this summer. For all these—actual and vicarious, present and future travelers to New York—TIME presents selective highlights of some of the city's attractions in the boxes on the following pages. They represent the choices of TIME critics and our New York bureau.

There are phone links from the suite to the floor of the Garden, 20 blocks away. Though victory is assured, Carter has roughly a dozen staff members on the floor and "designated delegates" in a number of key delegations to see that everything goes smoothly. Says Press Secretary Jody Powell: "You never take anything for granted."

Carter has received so many invitations to brunches, lunches, cocktail parties and dinners this week that his staff stopped counting at 200. Said one Carter man: "His approach to the convention is that he's got a lot of work to do. This is a working session, not a vacation." Over the weekend, Carter's organization was to give a huge party for 4,000 or so guests at Pier 88 on the Hudson. He was planning appearances at a few other gatherings. Scores of parties, public and private, were in the works. Shirley MacLaine planned an ice cream party in honor of Bella Abzug. The Arthur Schlesingers invited a fairly small number of friends and VIPs. Said the invitations: "Peanuts will be served."

To help the visitors deal with New York City, a convention committee has assigned a host or hostess to each delegation. Many are dispensing words of advice and caution about money (do not carry much, use traveler's checks, and do not leave cash in hotel rooms), crime (stay away from Eighth Avenue around 42nd Street) and transportation (the

Leaps and Sounds

On a balmy summer evening, the plaza at Manhattan's Lincoln Center is as cheery a spot

as Venice's Piazza San Marco without the pigeons or quite the grandeur. People gaze, mesmerized, into splashing fountains or relax at a sidewalk cafe, sipping Campari or sucking fruit ice from paper cups. For a change of meter and

mood, conventioneers might duck the cacophony of the Garden in exchange for the mellow sounds at Alice Tully Hall, where July is Mostly Mozart time. Unfortunately, with Spain's dazzling pianist Alicia de Larrocha currently in residence, it is also mostly sold out, but there are last-minute cancellations anyway.

Tumbling across the stage of the

EVENING AT LINCOLN CENTER, WITH METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE IN BACKGROUND

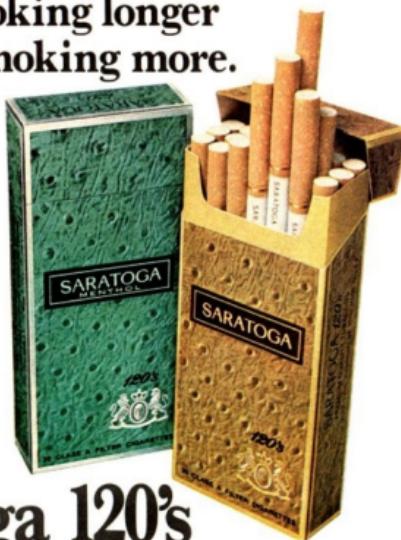
Metropolitan Opera House are 175 assorted singers, dancers, musicians, mimes—even a troupe of Eskimos—all belonging to Igor Moiseyev's Russian Festival of Music and Dance. Audiences applaud their colorful costumes and boisterous folk art, especially the Ukrainians' vigorous squat jumps and the male toe dancers of the Georgian State Dance Theater.

Just to the left of the Metropolitan Opera, in a grassy glade surrounded by hedges and maples, free concerts by the Goldman Band are given at Damrosch Park on Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 p.m. The hottest tickets in town, however, remain those at the New York State Theater box office, where baleful balleromaniacs hang out trying to cajole freebies and spares to any performance by ex-Soviet Superstars Natalia Makarova and Mikhail Baryshnikov at the American Ballet Theater. Americans Gelsey Kirkland and Fernando Bujones trail only slightly behind. On Wednesday night, July 14, fancy footwork and aerial illusions should abound when the whole caboodle appears on one bill: Kirkland and Bujones in the 19th century Russian classic *La Bayadère*, and Makarova and Baryshnikov in Jerome Robbins' 20th century American classic *Other Dances*. This artistic cross-cultural event ought to drive fans to yet a new pitch of hysteria.



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PAPERALYSIS

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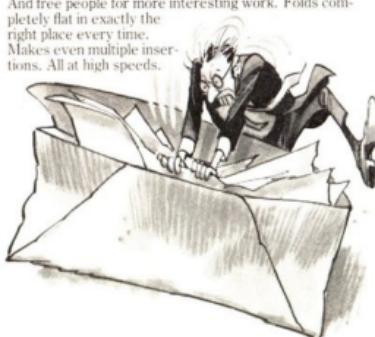
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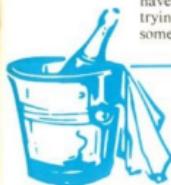
subway is safe in the daytime, somewhat less so at night).

New Yorkers may be too surfeited with magnificent spectacles, after the tall ships and the Bicentennial festivals, to work up much enthusiasm for the convention. Some sounded a note of welcome mingled with the city's ineffable condescension. Wrote *Daily News* Columnist William Reel: "Don't blow this opportunity, New York. The Democrats are coming. Let's give them a good impression. If you see a guy wearing a ten-gallon hat and a cowboy shirt and talking too loud, bite your tongue. Remember, the guy probably owns Texas. Maybe he can do us a favor, maybe co-sign a note for us. So swallow all comments about hayseeds and huckleberries. Kill the guy with courtesy."

Authorities have taken elaborate precautions to cushion what for some delegates may be a culture shock. For weeks, police have been sweeping the area around the Garden, trying to scare off the prostitutes. That may be something of a losing battle. Said one cop: "We

are making more arrests, but it's difficult to keep them inside because of the courts." Police have also been raiding the seedy nearby hotels where hookers take their customers. Quick tricks usually cost \$25, but some of the women are trying to inflate the rates by 100% during the convention week. Many prostitutes have moved to the Garden area from their regular beats up-town, but the vice squad has not noticed any large influx of outsiders swelling New York's estimated total of 3,000 streetwalkers—1,000 hard-core regulars and 2,000 casuals; another 2,000 are attached to massage parlors and brothels. However, a number of off-street prostitutes—the better-class (\$50 to \$200) call girls—have migrated into the city for the occasion. "New York is a hard town," said one 20-year-old pimp. "But we gonna be making more than double on the convention."

Police have also been raiding some of the 100 porn shops in the area. But New York, from 50th Street down through Times Square, is pretty much an Augen stable, where the instinct



Fare Game

From Armenian to Ukrainian, practically every cuisine in the world is available in

New York City's 20,000 restaurants. But in many of these places, one does not live by matzoh, pita or tortillas alone. People go to some restaurants to see or be seen. Visitors are usually torn about trying those famous—and expensive—places that often threaten humiliation in some Siberia or ketchup room reserved for anonymous (to the maître d') citizens.

Some will be tempted by well-known names like "21" (52nd St. between Fifth Ave. and Avenue of the Americas), where the captain may greet all but nationally known politicians with a faddish shudder and escort them to Transalpine Gaul. The food is expensive and sometimes worth it. Yet another costly place, Lafayette, is notoriously snooty. In the same see-and-be-seen class, La Grenouille and La Côte Basque offer wonderful food—it is all terrifically expensive—but without the same hauteur. Elaine's (Second Ave. at 88th St.), an Upper East Side Italian restaurant, is a favorite of New York literati, media heroes, publishers and assorted recognizable people. But the food is third-rate and outsiders are exiled to the back

room. It is a serious mistake for anyone who is not George Plimpton to go there. On the other hand, Sardi's (234 W. 44th St.) is an eminently friendly place to watch the theater folk. The Russian Tea Room (150 W. 57th St.) offers an occasional famous face, along with some of the best Russian food since the revolution.

It is always wise to remember the captain or maître d' of a top Manhattan restaurant. Though he will curiously accept a tip (usually \$2 or \$3) as his due, the failure to pay homage may cause him to pursue a departing diner, somewhat like a crow cawing at a hapless cat, with elaborate and sarcastic expressions of thanks; if he has seen your credit card, he may personalize the departure—"Thank you, Mr. Bumblebottom"—practically onto the street.

Generally, wise visitors will avoid celebrity shows and concentrate on the food. At Windows on the World (107th floor of the World Trade Center), that might be difficult: the food is excellent, and the view is one of the most spectacular in the world. Reservations are normally required two weeks in advance, but visitors should go anyhow and sit in the Hors d'Oeuvrierie, where they can have *sushi*, steak tartare and other nibbles. Other restaurants combining fine food and wonderful decor: Café des Artistes (67th St. just off Central Park West) and Maxwell's Plum (64th St. and

First Ave.), somewhat fantastically decorated with stained glass and Tiffany lamps, among other things.

Arguably the best steak house is Christ Cellar (160 E. 46th St.) and the best seafood place the Gloucester House (37 E. 50th St.), both expensive. The two best French restaurants in town are La Caravelle (33 W. 55th St.) and Lutèce (249 E. 50th St.). Bring money.

After these, and beyond hope of cataloguing, everyone has his own favorite, relatively inexpensive bistro (one might be Chez Napoleon, 365 W. 50th St.). Chinatown almost requires a special course of study, in which the thoughts of Chairman Mao will not help, but the best midtown Chinese restaurant is Pearl's (38 W. 48th St.), where the acoustics are so bad you cannot hear yourself talk (but who wants to?).

Italian restaurants in New York are as varied as Italian music, ranging from robust hurdy-gurdy (Alfredo's Settebello, 10th St. and Seventh Ave.) to grand opera (Giambelli, 238 Madison Ave.; Giordano, 409 W. 39th St.; and San Marco, 52 W. 55th St.). Finally, Ray's Pizza (11th St. and Avenue of the Americas) has the best in New York—although some would argue that the distinction belongs to a two-link chain of quintessential New York restaurants (at Second Ave. at 52nd St. and Third Ave. at 20th St.). Their name: Goldberg Pizzeria.

DINERS AT WINDOWS ON THE WORLD, A SPECTACULAR NEW RESTAURANT ON THE 107th FLOOR OF THE WORLD TRADE CENTER

TED THAI



THE NATION

for self-preservation dictates more than ordinary caution.

Around the Garden there are numerous cops—approximately one for every ten people attending the sessions. They are keeping an eye on the assorted demonstrations planned during the week by, among other groups, the Right to Life movement, the Viet Nam Veterans Against the War, the surviving remnants of the Yippie movement and the National Coalition of Gays. One major problem: the Garden is uniquely difficult to police, with five levels aboveground and three below.

What will the visiting Democrats, including Carter & Co., make of the quick immersion in New York? Despite qualities of surpassing crumminess, the city possesses brilliant energies and a highly developed variety of nearly everything that urban society produces: the world's widest variety of—and often its best—restaurants, bookstores, shops, theaters, ballets, jazz clubs, museums. The city is the nation's stage, its bank, its fashion model, the hub of its publishing, advertising and public relations. It is the central nervous system of TV networks, two wire services and two newsmagazines. Despite a serious hemorrhage, it remains the leading town for corporate headquarters. It is still the closest thing to an American Athens that an artist—or his audience—can find. The hospital care is magnificent—1) if one can afford it and 2) if the hospital employees are not on strike, as many were last week.

New York's numerous theaters—Broadway, off-Broadway, off-off-Broadway and then some—remain among the most vigorous in the world. Broadway's lineup now includes *A Chorus Line*, *Equus*, Neil Simon's *California Suite*, *Chicago*, a revival of

My Fair Lady and Julie Harris' one-woman performance as Emily Dickinson in *The Belle of Amherst*. Tickets can still be obtained

for most shows, except *A Chorus Line*. After 3 p.m. on the day of performance, half-price tickets for many shows may be available at the TKTS booth on Broadway at 47th Street.

The city is, of course, expensive. It also offers sometimes astonishing bargains if the shopper knows where to look. Between Fifth and Sixth avenues on 47th Street, for example, is the diamond district, one of the world's largest. Here diamond merchants, among them Hasidic Jews in black garb, pull around tens of thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry in black suitcases on wheels. Discounts are large and bargaining is advisable. Down on the Lower East Side, on Orchard, Grand, Canal and nearby streets, stores offer first-quality, name-brand merchandise (shoes, linens, handbags, clothing, for the most part) at discounts that average from 20% to 25% and sometimes more.

A wonderful town but, as writer Edward Hoagland has asked, "Is it worth the blood in the throat?" With a bit of the self-dramatizing that New Yorkers love, Hoagland writes: "Sometimes when I'm changing records at night I hear shrieks from the street, sounds that the phonograph ordinarily drowns out."

Everything said about New York City is true, but it is almost always an incomplete truth, like, say, describing Tolstoy as a religious nut. By the standards of Knoxville, Tenn., or St. Paul, Minn., New York's streets are filthy and sometimes dangerous—though among the six largest cities, only Los Angeles has a lower murder rate. Some visitors may be tempted to commit a mugging or two when they encounter New York waiters, many waiters, on the other hand, are the best anywhere. The taxis can be gritty and claustrophobic behind their plastic mugger shields; now and then they seem to be driven by surly crackpots exploring new frontiers in rudeness and reckless en-



Summer Art

Every summer the New York art scene shuts tight, like an irritated clam. The artists vanish to East Hampton, Brooklyn or Bogotá; many of the commercial galleries, both uptown along the axes of Madison Avenue and 57th Street, and downtown in SoHo, do

not reopen until September. All the same, there is as much going on in Manhattan this summer as in many other U.S. cities at the height of their art season.

One exhibition not to be missed is Red Grooms' walk-through, gloriously zany sideshow at the Marlborough Gallery (40 W. 57th St.) titled *Ruckus Manhattan* (TIME, Jan. 19), a coarsely affectionate tribute to this battered queen of American cities, in spirit somewhere between Lenny Bruce and Rube Goldberg. Farther down the block at the Allan Frumkin Gallery (50 W. 57th St.), a group of artists, among them Ceramist Robert Arneson and Painter Peter Saul, are poking none-too-gentle fun at the patriotic excesses of the Bicentennial. The Brewster Gallery (1018 Madison Ave.) has a solid group of more than 50 Georges Braque etchings, aquatints and lithographs, and for fans of the Ital-

ian maestro Giorgio de Chirico, there is a large survey of his late work, 1936-1975, depressing in its self-parody, hung in the august showrooms of Wildenstein & Co. (19 E. 64th St.).

Group shows range from the very far-out (drawings by Robert Barry and Germany's Hanne Darboven, among others, at Leo Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.) through "classical" modernism (Jules Olitski and other color-field artists at Knoedler Contemporary Art (19 E. 70th St.) to a diverting collection of views of New York by American artists (John Marin, Reginald Marsh, Guy Pène du Bois at the Hammer Galleries, 51 E. 57th St.).

The glory of New York is its museums. Highlights: the Metropolitan's special shows—Chinese landscape paintings, Goyas on loan from the Prado, the great Norbert Schimmel collection of ancient art. The Museum of Modern Art displays ideal taxis, the Whitney offers "200 Years of American Sculpture" and the Guggenheim Museum has its whole collection of early 20th century European paintings from 1880-1945 on view. And where else, in the same day, can one look at the only complete manuscript of a Mozart opera in this country (*Der Schauspieldirektor*, at the Pierpont Morgan Library), a brilliantly nostalgic collection of Victorian photographs of the Indian rajah (at Asia House Gallery) and a full-dress retrospective of French Surrealist André Masson (at the Museum of Modern Art)? Only, this July, in New York.

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"A LESSON IN ARROW-DYNAMICS"

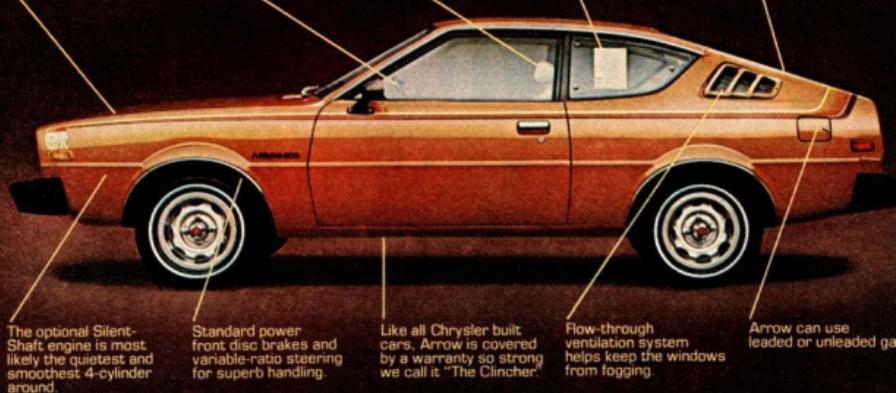
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dangerment. New York cabbies also include some of the funniest, most charming characters around. (Advice to delegates: If possible, look for the oversize Checker cabs or the radio-dispatched fleet cabs with telephone numbers on their doors; radio cabs are more likely to be cleaned and air-conditioned, less likely to have mugger shields.)

The city has an immense ability to disprove the skeptical expectation. In the first place, no city could be as awful as New York has so often been said to be. The rest of the U.S. has frequently regarded New York with a certain hostile suspicion. Barry Goldwater was probably thinking of New York some 15 years ago when he suggested that the country might be better off if the Eastern seaboard could be sawed off and allowed to float out to sea. In this opinion, New Yorkers were arrogant, crass, rude. They presumed to tell the rest of the nation—through television, magazines and books—what to think, how to dress. New York was everything that was wrong with citification: intellectual dandyism, supercilious radical chic in the penthouses, while the streets turned into a slough of welfare and crime. Limousines brought the anchor men to work, while welfare families—or landlords—burned down their own tenements in the South Bronx.

For such reasons, a lot of the country was not unhappy to watch New York City in the past year tottering like a Charlie Chaplin drunk on the brink of bankruptcy. The city is now able to lurch from payday to payday only because of revolving federal loans administered

by a disdainful Republican Administration in Washington. New York has refused to redeem certain of its outstanding short-term securities on schedule. It has cut nearly 50,000 full-time employees from the city payroll in the past 18 months, reducing the total to some 250,000, but the end of the crisis is nowhere in sight.

In recent years, of course, millions have fled the city for quieter destinations—New York has lost some 400,000 people in the past five years. Many of the 7,500,000 who remain, however, represent a durable breed. Often they have a sense of the city as something splendidly special.

Many Americans have regarded New York as something of a foreign country. In many ways, it is—or at least it is a halfway house between the rest of the world and the U.S. In another perspective, New York is the most uniquely American of U.S. cities, precisely because of its incredible diversity. It is one of the oldest American cities—dating to 1626, when Peter Minuit bought Manhattan from the Indians and established the first permanent settlement. But it is still a city of aliens—spiritual, cultural and legal.

Somehow, the wildly disparate mix in its 320 sq. mi. works out better than anyone has a right to expect. It has become a cliché to note that New York has more blacks (1,650,000) than Lagos, more Puerto Ricans (910,000) than San Juan, more Jews (1,230,000) than Tel Aviv, Jerusalem and Haifa together, more Italians than Palermo, more Irish than Cork, along with *The entire "Greater New York area," embracing also suburbs and exurbs in New Jersey and Connecticut, numbers some 20 million.



Pop Performers

Campaign rhetoric may be melody to some visitors' ears. But many tourists prefer the less hortatory sound of music from discotheques, rock bands and folk singers. These entertainments are as live as the convention floor and exhibit as much promise as the party platform. Moreover, the only vote they require is the sound of two hands clapping:

POP. The town's hottest club is the Bottom Line, in Greenwich Village (15 W. Fourth St.), where for a nominal admission (\$5.50) some of rock's best talent is on view. During convention week, the management has booked a bunch of folkies—Eric Andersen, Livingston Taylor, Mary Travers, Tom Paxton—who will presumably regale visiting delegates with songs of chiding irony and social import. The Convention, a group of comic actors, will open each show with irreverent improvisations on the day's events at the Garden. Up in Central Park, the Schaefer Music Festival offers excellent, inexpensive (\$1.50-\$3) outdoor entertainment. B.B. King, justly renowned for his blues-guitar virtuosity, will appear on July 12. Toots and the Maytals will raise the roof on the 16th with their joyously scruffy reggae music from Jamaica, followed on the 17th by the Earl Scruggs Revue, which purveys a pleasing blend of down-home country and easygoing rock.

JAZZ. Mondays, at Michael's Pub (211 E. 55th St.), a group called the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra

cuts loose, featuring on clarinet, a sweetly swinging, nonjoking Woody Allen. Freddie Hubbard plays some hard-driving trumpet at the Schaefer Festival in Central Park on July 14. Buddy Rich may be caught at Storyville (41 E. 58th St.). Uptown, at the Carlyle Hotel (Madison Ave. and 76th St.), Bobby Short wraps standards and show tunes in well-cut velvet, and downtown, in the Village, the Charles Mingus group explores the furthest perimeters of jazz.

DISCOS. Even delegates from Slippery Rock have heard that the Hippopotamus (405 E. 62nd St.) is resoundingly déclassé: too expensive (\$12 minimum, \$4 a drink), too loud, too ... well, last year. The new place to gawk and be groped is Regine's, in the Delmonico Hotel (Park Ave. and 59th St.), which is just as loud, pricy and up-

to-the-second in chic. A cover charge of \$10 (plus from \$3 to \$6 a drink) buys you the privilege of rubbertoecking as the celebs make grand entrances on the long center staircase, boogying on the illuminated Plexiglas dance floor and maybe getting snooted by Regine herself.

Things are funkier elsewhere and appreciably cheaper: delegates can rub elbows and shake a leg with natives of outlying boroughs at the Tuxedo Ballroom (Third Ave. and 17th St.; \$6 cover on weekends). At Barney Googles (225 E. 86th St.; \$4 cover on weekend nights and free admission for women before 10 p.m.) you can hear both disco and highly spiced Latin music, called *salsa*. This blistering rhythm, Afro-Cuban in origin, is served up hottest at the Corso (205 E. 86th St.), where the dance floor gives you the chance for the sort of workout that could lead to an Olympic qualification.

DANCING AT THE HIPPOPOTAMUS ON MANHATTAN'S UPPER EAST SIDE





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sci-fi fireworks. Readers with kinkier inclinations can find New York's only semirespectable X-rated bookshop at 251 W. 42nd St. G & A Books has the kind that used to be banned in Boston. Given today's moral alterations, its clientele is now a band that could be booked there.

STREET ENTERTAINMENT. New York has enough street musicians to people—and entertain—a convention hall. Their fare is gratis—and sometimes worth even less. Yet a few rate an earing and eying—among them, the Wretched Refuse, a conglomerate of nine fine instrumentalists who specialize in asphalt bluegrass. Sugar Blue, a black harmonica player who plies his tunes in Greenwich Village, may be the best itinerant musician in New York. Around Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall, less prominent and more indigent fiddlers than those indoors make Brahms burst in mid-air, usually by tuning their violins up a tone to make the sound more brilliant.

Perhaps the wittiest street entertainer is magician Jeff Sheridan, specialist in levitation, prestidigitation and coin tricks, can usually be found baffling audiences at Sir Walter Scott's statue at 72nd St., just inside Central Park.

DO-IT-YOURSELF MAGIC. Prospective magicians can find all they need in illusions at Lou Tannen's, 1540 Broadway, or at the Hornmann Magic Co., 304 W. 34th St. Once equipped, amateurs may attempt to turn pro by booking themselves into the Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St., or Catch a Rising Star, 1487 First Ave., nightclubs catering to the debuting entertainer. Or they may try out their acts at the convention, on national television. The audience amounts to millions. After all, Jimmy Carter can't go on forever—or can he?

STREET MUSICIANS AT FOUNTAIN NEAR THE PLAZA HOTEL

Offbeat New York

Like delegates, sightseers fall into two categories: the committed and the uncommitted. The committed pledge their free time to playgoing, concerts, exhibitions, etc. For the uncommitted, the city is an amalgam of gallery, stage and recital hall. Here with a few suggestions for the unconventional delegate:

STAGE WHISPERS. Hard by the upper-level entrance to the Oyster Bar in Grand Central Station is a stone arch. By stationing themselves at one corner and partners some 50 ft. away, visitors can articulate messages *sotto voce*—and have them delivered with the fidelity of a CB receiver.

SMALL TIME. Much has been logged about the tall ships, but what about miniature ones? Builders of tiny boats—and trains and planes and rockets—can find a model world at Polks Hobbies Store at Fifth Ave. and 32nd St. Miniaturists of another persuasion can find dollhouse furniture of all periods at B. Shackman at Fifth Ave. and 16th St.

Railroad buffs should be prepared to meet their mecca at the Model Railroad Equipment Corp., 23 W. 45th St.

GREEN THOUGHTS. Air conditioning is the second-best weapon against the equatorial heat of the city. The best is a walk on the mild side—in the west-pocket parks (among the most refreshing: Paley Park, a few steps east of Fifth Ave. at 53rd St.; Greenacre Park, 212 E. 51st St.; McGraw Hill Park, 48th St. west of Sixth Ave.), ambling across the footpaths of the 59th Street, Triboro and Brooklyn bridges, or riding one of the shaky, alpine cable cars that wobble across the length of the Bronx Zoo.

READING MATTER. There are some 400 bookstores in Manhattan. There are some few emporiums whose wares cannot be duplicated anywhere else: the Super-snipe Comic Book Art Emporium at Second Ave. and 84th St. stocks bygone comic books; rarer ones, like the first Captain Marvel Adventures, retail for \$800 and up. The Science Fiction Shop, 56 Eighth Ave., is a space capsule in the guise of a library; its posters, Little Nemo postcards and Arthur Clarke first editions provide July's most dazzling

Germans, Arabs, Chinese, Eastern Europeans and others. From spring to fall, New York resounds with different ethnic parades. Emigré Tibetans maintain an Office of Tibet on Second Avenue. Then there are the Caucasian-Sirocian Cultural Center, the Grupo Folklorico Paraguayo, the Korean Community Foundation, the Serbian Folklore Group, the Casa Galicia.

The city contains a variety of neighborhoods almost cloned from the originals: Chinatown, just below Manhattan's Lower East Side, with its more than 200 often excellent coffee shops and restaurants, its shops selling salted fish, smoked duck and preserved eggs. Or Little Italy, next door, where one can sit at a sidewalk cafe with a cappuccino and time-warp 50 years back to some Neapolitan atmosphere. Ninth Avenue from 38th to 53rd streets is a rapid collage of Italian, Greek, Philippine and African shops and stalls. Yorkville around 86th Street and Third Avenue is somewhat homogenized now, but abounds with German gourmet shops, Irish bars and Hungarian restaurants. Harlem remains the capital of black America. On its eastern edge is Spanish Harlem, with its large concentration of Puerto Ricans. Down in Brooklyn are Atlantic Avenue's Lebanese and Yemeni specialty shops and inexpensive restaurants.

For all the racial gatherings, New York can be a bleakly lonely place. That isolation-in-multitudes can yield a kind of privacy that allows an individual to choose his own friends and his own life without being monitored. The other side of the privacy

is what one hears at 4 a.m. on insomniac radio call-in shows—a loneliness blank and white as an emergency room.

Most habitual New Yorkers simply develop immunities, become tough as Hudson River fish that swim in a punch of sludge and orange rinds. An interesting thing about New Yorkers is that they take life more seriously—or so they think—than some other Americans do. That intensity produces neurotics, but it also keeps the mind quick. The suggestion of New York's intensity and occasional neuroticism, however, also tends to perpetuate a bigotry against New York. Images are, almost by definition, exaggerations.

Some of the images emanating from the convention will also be slightly exaggerated. Despite the fact that all elements of the party are united behind a national ticket for the first time since 1964, in many quarters there remains a lingering skepticism about Jimmy Carter. Many of the delegates are getting their first close-hand look at the Carter phenomenon. They are still alternately dazzled and puzzled by it all, by what the long primary season has yielded.

Many of the delegates are also getting their first look at the nation's foremost city, and they may have something of the same reaction. As millions of other visitors will discover this year, New York has an immense capacity to surprise. The most remarkable part is that the surprises are sometimes pleasant.



DEMOCRATS**'I Don't Think I'll Ever Be Tentative'**

One by one, the invited vice-presidential prospects made their pilgrimages to Peanuttville, U.S.A. In Plains, Ga., Jimmy Carter held court. Edmund Muskie—elegant, imposing, a bit haughty but willing ("I suppose I have an appetite for almost anything in politics that is new and different"). Walter Mondale—witty, cool, eager, even though he had found that campaigning for the presidency meant he had to spend too much time in Holiday Inns ("I have checked, and they have been redecorated. That is where I would like to be"). John Glenn—a hero still, warm, attractive, a bit edgy (Aren't military men too warlike? "I have had people shot-out from right beside me. I do not want to see that kind of thing ever visited on anyone again"). Each filled out two-page job-application forms ("Have you ever been arrested? Have you ever been sued? Have you ever been divorced?"). Glenn was reported to have made a strong impression, but Carter also quizzed Henry Jackson in New York and was planning to meet other hopefuls, including Impeachment Star Peter Rodino and probably Adlai Stevenson and Frank Church.

As he concentrated with great care on his most critical personnel decision so far, Carter shared some pre-convention thoughts and post-convention plans with TIME Correspondent Stanley Cloud. The highlights:

Q. Some polls indicated that your support, while broad, is rather thin, and there is resistance, for example, among some Catholics and union leaders. How do you propose to deal with this?

A. A lot of it has been derived from the tough combat between me and the twelve or 15 other major Democratic candidates. We've been emphasizing one another's weaknesses. We've not emphasized the compatibilities among us and the basic principles of our party.

Q. You're saying these elements will probably join you as the general-election campaign progresses?

A. Yes. In fact, there is a tremendous amount of that already among my previous opponents, mayors, Governors, U.S. Congressmen and Senators.

Q. Do you think you will have any different approach to campaigning depending on whether Ford or Reagan is nominated by the Republicans?

A. I doubt it. The issue would be to some degree, on one hand, the radical, perhaps dangerous nature of Ronald Reagan's character, and on the other hand, the absence of strong leadership capability on the part of Ford.

Q. What kind of President do you want to be?

A. I'd like to be a President who is both competent and inspirational, who could be incisive in his analysis of the major problems of our nation, who could arouse support for the solution of those problems among a broad base of American citizens. I'd like to arrive at a maximum degree of harmony.

Q. But what kind of mark would you like to leave on the country?

A. I've studied the finer aspects of previous Administrations: the easing of fear by the Roosevelt Administration, the humility and courage and tenacity of Mr. Truman's Administration, the inspiration of Kennedy, the elimination

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to run the affairs of Government through the White House staff.

Q. What would you do to reduce the imperial qualities of the presidency?

A. I would want to do everything I could to retain a closeness with the people by having a "sunshine law" in Washington, fireside chats, frequent or constant communication with the leaders of Congress and thorough explorations of the controversial matters that affect us—such as energy, transportation, elements of foreign affairs, defense—so that people think they are part of the Government, part of the White House.

Q. Many people in this coalition of yours feel very strongly about some important issues, and you are going to have to make decisions that will antagonize one group or another.

A. Well, so be it. I would like everyone in the country to be acting in harmony,



THE CARTERS TOASTING WITH CHAMPAGNE ON THEIR 30TH ANNIVERSARY LAST WEEK
"I would like everyone to act in harmony, but I don't expect it."

of discrimination and inequity by the Johnson Administration. I would like to exemplify the finest aspects of each one of those great Presidents of the past. Whether that would be possible if it is too early to say, but that's my goal.

Q. What should the country look for, assuming you are elected, in terms of appointments?

A. Cabinet members in my Administration will be independent, competent managers, advocates for the Americans served by their own departments, able to share with me the responsibilities of evolving long-range, consistent purposes for the Administration. I do not intend

but I don't expect it. When I was Governor, some extremely controversial decisions came up—abortion, amnesty, gun control, the death penalty, government reorganization, prison reform. I never had any problems making decisions forcefully, calling on the people to support my position. I think there is a great inclination on the part of the American people to yield to some degree in order to realize major achievements of which our nation is capable. I don't think I'll ever be tentative.

*Sunshine laws, enacted by a number of states, require that meetings of governmental bodies be open to the public, except under specified circumstances. On the federal level such a law presumably could similarly open meetings of various independent agencies (FCC, FTC, ICC, etc.), the Cabinet and committees of Congress.



MOTHER LILLIAN



SISTER RUTH STAPLETON



DAUGHTER AMY, 8



SISTER GLORIA SPANN

The Carters: Spreading Like Moss

"How many Carters are there, for heaven's sake?" asked a bewildered Florida Democrat, who in one hard-breathing campaign week had been buttonholed by Jimmy, had his hand squeezed by Son Jack and received the "sweetest phone call you ever heard" from Wife Rosalynn. Like the Spanish moss that flourishes in the South, the Carters are conspicuous, tenacious and at times overwhelming. Most of them will be at the convention. If the *pater familias* is elected President, a Carter Administration will be a family affair.

WIFE ROSALYNN (pronounced *Rose-lun*) is politically, as well as personally, closer to Jimmy than anyone else. As she puts it: "We've always been kind of like partners. If Jimmy went out and did great things and I was left at home, I would have resented it."

A comely woman with soft, almost feline movements and hazel eyes to match, she is 48 but looks at least ten years younger. In 14 months of campaigning, she covered 34 states and made almost as many speeches as Carter (she also still washes and irons Jimmy's shirts on weekends back home). Says a Carter aide: "Charming, persuasive, ambitious—put them all together and you have Rosalynn. She is, in fact, an extension of Jimmy."

Though now described as a "magnolia made of steel," she once seemed to be all petals. The daughter of a Plains garage mechanic, she was a shy and quiet girl with a winning smile and virtually no sense of humor. Says her mother, Allie Smith, "I am surprised she can now get up in front of all those people and make speeches."

But when Jimmy made his successful run for Georgia Governor in 1970, she joined the rough-and-tumble and became an overnight hit on the campaign trail. As the first lady of Georgia, her

performance was nearly flawless. She was especially skilled at promoting her husband's mental health program in skeptical rural Georgia.

Whenever Jimmy makes an important decision, he talks it over with Rosalynn. She often plays the part of devil's advocate. As she says self-deprecatingly: "He needs to know what people who are not as smart as he is think about things." Jimmy especially values her perception of people. If she approves of someone, he is in; if not, he is out. She clearly had a say in the vice-presidential decision.

Jimmy and Rosalynn go their separate ways on the campaign trail in order to reach as many people as possible. "Never worry about what I should have said, or if not I don't look just right, or what I've got to do," she says. "I just give it my best and move on."

The other influential woman in Carter's life is his mother, "**MISS LILLIAN**" (pronounced *Lee-yun*), a redoubtable personality who would have fascinated William Faulkner and Bertolt Brecht. Says she: "Everything I started, I finished. Jimmy got that from me." Indeed, she bequeathed him his pearly teeth, his smile, his inquisitiveness, his endurance—and, fans say, his compassion.

Her lifetime calling has been healing. She trained as a registered nurse, and even after she married James Earl Carter, a farmer-businessman, she continued as a kind of community physician—and not just for whites. She sat up through the night with sick black children as well. In an era of strict segregation, she would greet black friends at the front door or in her parlor, while her husband went out the back door to avoid witnessing such a breach of local mores.

When she was 68, Widow Carter joined the Peace Corps and requested a challenging post. She was sent to a small

town in India, where she had the frustrating task of encouraging birth control. She encountered every imaginable disease. Stifling her revulsion, she nursed one young leper back to health. When she returned home after two years, she was exhausted and had lost 26 pounds. But, as Jimmy remarks, "a major portion of her heart is still in India."

As she tools around Plains in her blue Chevy, she stops now and then to enlist somebody's help in one cause or another. She is not reluctant to criticize Jimmy. The family, she insists, was never so impoverished during the Depression as he suggests in campaign oratory. She also thinks he talks too much about his religion, about never telling a lie, about loving Rosalynn more now than when he married her. "There was really nothing outstanding about Jimmy as a boy," she reflects. "He was a farm child like all other farm children. I never thought of him in politics."

The three Carter sons are wrapped up in the campaign. Each of them—and their wives—visited many states since early in 1975. **JOHN (JACK)**, 29, a University of Georgia Law School graduate who lives in Calhoun, Ga., has yet to try any cases because he is too busy working for Dad. He sees it as his mission to convert all doubters.

JAMES EARL III ("CHIP"), 26, is the best politician among the sons. "He is smart, has good instincts and works harder than the rest," says a Carter aide. He also introduced his father to Bob Dylan, who supplies some of the candidate's favorite lines. ("[the world] looks like it's a-dyin' an' it's hardly been born.") Chip lives with his wife Caron in a \$8,100 mobile home near the Plains railroad station. A member of the Plains city council, he plans to go into the family peanut business. Some day he may run for higher office.

DONNELL ("JEFF"), 23, is working on a degree in government at Georgia State and wants to become an urban planner.

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The shiest of the sons, he lives in an apartment in Atlanta with his wife Anne, when he is not helping his father.

AMY CARTER, 8, is not quite campaigning, but she is a distinct political asset. A frisky, freckled, strawberry blonde who looks like Huck Finn's kid sister with the inevitable Carter smile, she basked in all the attention without letting it turn her head. She has, however, learned to turn a profit by selling lemonade and sandwiches at her already famous stand in Plains. In one day's brisk entrepreneurship, she and her pint-size partners earned \$23 from tourists and newsmen who were thirsty for anything that the Carter family provided.

RUTH STAPLETON, 46, Jimmy's second sister, is an evangelical therapist, usually called a faith healer, who led her brother to his Christian rebirth after he was defeated in the 1966 gubernatorial election (TIME, April 25). Says she: "Jimmy has a deep spiritual side, and I am the only one allowed in." A one-time high school beauty queen who has by no means lost her looks, she discovered the healing powers of Christ during a period of bleak despair in the early years of her marriage. She now travels round the world sharing her experience with others. When not on the road, she stays at home in Fayetteville, N.C., with her husband Robert, a veterinarian, and their four children.

GLORIA SPANN, 49, Jimmy's older sister, is the clan cutup. For 17 years "Go-Go" was an accountant in Georgia, until she decided to give it up to have some fun. That includes teaching art, decorating jeans with paint and decals and roaming around on one of her two Honda motorcycles. Her husband Walter, a farmer, drives a Harley Davidson 1200. They have cycled around much of the Southeast, but she does not plan to spend too much time in Washington. "I might visit the White House some time to look at the kitchen," she allows. But she prefers Plains: "I'm prone to be sittin' on a bank fishin'."

BILLY CARTER, 39, Jimmy's brother, is also content right where he is in Plains; he knows he would not fit in at, say, the Sans Souci restaurant in Washington. But whenever a visiting reporter wants to see a genuine "good ole boy" in the flesh, Billy proudly presents himself. He acknowledges: "I'm a redneck." By his own reckoning, he has given 300 interviews. In the evening Billy holds court at the gas station he owns, and friends and strangers join him in downing beers—or whatever else is available. His T shirt bears the inscription CAST IRON, and Billy says there is very little liquid refreshment he cannot stomach.

He is politically more conservative than Jimmy, and like their father, a smart businessman. Under him, sales of the family enterprise have risen from \$800,000 in the past to \$2.5 million today. Says he with a smile as wide as Plains: "I'm the only sane one in the family."

PAUL J. PASCUAL

REPUBLICANS

They're So Close —And Yet So Far

When a sprinkling of previously uncommitted delegates announced for President Ford last week, the switcheroo was heralded as a major event. To proclaim it properly, the chairman of the New York delegation even held court at a full-blown press conference in Washington. Yet in the harrowing, narrowing race between Ford and Ronald Reagan for the Republican presidential nomination, the hoopla was not all that excessive. So vital has every vote become that the solitary delegate holding out for Non-Candidate Elliot Richardson was won over to the Ford ledger last week when Richardson himself made a personal plea.

From soundings taken in all 50 states, the District of Columbia, Guam, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, TIME correspondents assessed the struggle this way, as of week's end: 1,104 delegates for Ford, 1,090 for Reagan, 65 uncommitted. The figures (see chart) include projections of delegates to be chosen this week in Utah and Connecticut. Avowedly uncommitted delegates known to lean strongly toward one candidate have been credited to their favorite.

Many Lures. Thus, five weeks before the Republican National Convention opens in Kansas City, TIME's projections indicate that while Ford is a scant 26 votes short of the 1,130 required for nomination, his challenger is only 40 votes short.

The situation is highly volatile, with both camps increasingly panicky about the firmness of their support. Delegates currently favoring Reagan could be lured to Ford in a variety of ways: appointments, honors, White House visits—or simply by a developing sense that a minority party cannot afford the luxury of turning an incumbent President out of office. Others could be swayed by the fact that Ford, as he emphasized during a White House press conference last week, has not ruled anybody out in weighing vice-presidential candidates. It was an obvious reference to Reagan, but the Californian quickly reiterated that he was not interested.

If either candidate should appear to be the likely nominee, uncommitted and loosely committed delegates would shift to him, for in politics there is no future in sticking with a loser. Thus the projections of July could differ greatly from the actual tally in August.

In the current jockeying, no situation is more intriguing than that involving the 30-vote Mississippi delegation. Traditionally, Mississippi Republicans vote as a unit. Most observers expect that the unit rule will be retained and that Reagan will win the delegation, al-

REPUBLICAN SCORECARD

Needed to nominate: 1,130
Includes delegates leaning to candidates

States	Ford	Reagan	Uncommitted
ALABAMA	37		
ALASKA	17	2	
ARIZONA	2	27	
ARKANSAS	10	17	
CALIFORNIA		167	
COLORADO	4	26	1
CONNECTICUT	35		
DELAWARE	14		3
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	14		
FLORIDA	43	23	
GEORGIA		48	
HAWAII	8	1	10
IDAHO	4	17	
ILLINOIS	84	17	
INDIANA	9	45	
IOWA	19	17	
KANSAS	28	4	2
KENTUCKY	19	18	
LOUISIANA		37	4
MAINE	15	4	1
MARYLAND	43		
MASSACHUSETTS	28	15	
MICHIGAN	55	29	
MINNESOTA	34	8	
MISSISSIPPI		30	
MISSOURI	16	30	3
MONTANA		20	
NEBRASKA	7	18	
NEVADA	5	13	
NEW HAMPSHIRE	18	3	
NEW JERSEY	58	5	4
NEW MEXICO		21	
NEW YORK	125	18	11
NORTH CAROLINA	25	28	1
NORTH DAKOTA	11	5	2
OHIO	91	6	
OKLAHOMA		36	
OREGON	16	14	
PENNSYLVANIA	75	12	16
RHODE ISLAND	19		
SOUTH CAROLINA	8	28	
SOUTH DAKOTA	9	11	
TENNESSEE	21	22	
TEXAS		100	
UTAH		20	
VERMONT	18		
VIRGINIA	8	41	2
WASHINGTON	7	31	
WEST VIRGINIA	19	9	
WISCONSIN	45		
WYOMING	2	10	5
GUAM	4		
Puerto Rico	8		
VIRGIN ISLANDS	4		
TOTALS	1,104	1,090	65

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though some Ford supporters have threatened to bolt and back the President. The most influential member of the delegation, National Committee-man Clarke Reed, is being intensively courted by Ford. Reed was a guest of the President at a dinner for Queen Elizabeth in the White House Rose Garden. Reed expects the Mississippi delegation to vote for Reagan, but admits he certainly would urge it to switch if "it appears Ford is the man" at the time of the first ballot.

Ford improved his national position slightly last week, winning eleven North Dakota delegates to Reagan's five, with two uncommitted; the delegation had been expected to divide 9-9. In Colorado, Reagan won as expected, picking up 26 delegates to 4 for Ford and 1 uncommitted. Both sides expect Reagan to sweep Utah's 20-vote delegation. But the Californian's aides, who had predicted their candidate would gain five delegates in Connecticut, now concede all of that state's 35 votes to the President.

Since the hard-core uncommitteds are increasingly resistant to blandishments—some openly concede that they enjoy their newly acquired importance and want it to continue—the struggle and suspense are likely to last until the convention. As New Jersey's Andre Gruber, Republican chairman of Middlesex County and an uncommitted delegate, puts it: "Their hearts belong to Reagan but their minds belong to Ford. Whichever part of the anatomy prevails will decide how they come down."

Second Ballot? There is even a possibility of more than one ballot. That could well prove fatal to the President's chances, since many delegates committed to Ford on the first ballot are known to prefer Reagan. Some would be under no obligation to stick with the President beyond the first ballot. The Kentucky delegation, for example, now stands at 19 votes for Ford and 18 for Reagan, in line with the outcome of the state's primary voting. If there was a second ballot, the delegation could divide 27 for Reagan, 10 for Ford.

Reagan's campaign chairman, Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt, is trying to encourage a second ballot by urging delegates whose votes are pledged to Ford but whose hearts belong to Reagan to abstain on the first go-around. In fact, under rules governing the 1976 convention, delegates cannot formally "abstain." If a delegate for any reason does not vote, then an alternate must vote for him.

But those same rules, which supersede state laws, offer a possible loophole. Regardless of pledges, delegates are permitted to vote for anyone they wish—on the first or any other ballot. North Carolina, for example, could vote for a favorite son on the first ballot, denying Ford a majority and enabling the Reagan support to flower fully on a second ballot. Another possibility is a Reagan effort to force a test vote before the pres-

idential balloting—perhaps over an issue like credentials or the platform. The reasoning is that if Reagan's camp won such a vote, those who really prefer the Californian would stampede to his side by the first ballot.

The two stars, meanwhile, jockeyed for advantage. In a 30-minute nationwide television appearance, his second of the campaign, Reagan aimed his sharpest barbs at Jimmy Carter. He declared that "soothing rhetoric, pleasant smiles and reorganization gimmicks"

SEQUELS

Still More Pain for the Nixons

Even before escaping into seclusion at San Clemente nearly two years ago, Pat Nixon surprised a group of reporters by conceding that her life was not a bed of roses. "I don't tell all," she said. In fact, during Richard Nixon's tumultuous career, she endured her private agonies with unfailing public dignity. Thus when she suddenly felt weak as she sat reading on a patio one afternoon last week, it was typical of Pat that she complained to no one. She simply went to bed early.

The next morning it was apparent that something was seriously wrong with the former First Lady, who is 64. Her husband was the first to notice her problem when he found her in the kitchen trying with difficulty to open a jar of coffee. She also had trouble moving her left arm and left leg. The left side of her face was partially paralyzed, which caused her words to slur. When these

were inadequate to meet the problems of the day. As for Ford, he reaped a bonanza of Bicentennial publicity. He also vetoed a \$4 billion jobs bill, labeling it a Democratic election-year giveaway that would fuel inflation; the veto, his 52nd in less than two years, may be overridden, but it went over well with many Republicans. In addition, Ford won general approval for rescinding a ridiculous ban on father-son and mother-daughter school functions on the ground that they violated sex-discrimination regulations.

symptoms became evident, she was rushed by ambulance to Long Beach Memorial Hospital, 36 miles up the coast from San Clemente. Riding with her were her husband and her daughter, Julie, who, with her husband, David Eisenhower, had spent the holiday weekend visiting the Nixons.

After intensive examinations, doctors concluded that Pat had suffered a stroke in the right parietal area of the brain. She was considered in serious but not critical condition. Although she was placed in an intensive care unit, she remained conscious and coherent. Nevertheless, she was expected to be hospitalized for at least ten days. Nixon's personal physician, Dr. John Lundgren, and Neurologist Jack M. Mosier said the stroke had been caused by a small hemorrhage or clot in the right cerebral cortex. Unless the effects of the stroke spread, Pat Nixon was expected to re-

BEFORE PAT'S STROKE, NIXONS ENJOY JULY 4TH WEEKEND IN NEWPORT BEACH, CALIF.



cover, but it remained uncertain whether she would be able to walk normally again.

Since Richard Nixon resigned the presidency on Aug. 9, 1974, Pat has left San Clemente only occasionally: a few shopping trips to nearby Newport Beach and Los Angeles; infrequent dinners with Dick at local restaurants; one public appearance, alone, at ceremonies naming a public grade school after her; a visit to China with her husband; a theater outing in New York with Daughter Tricia Cox (who, on learning of her mother's stroke, headed at once for California).

At San Clemente Pat's main preoccupation has been tending two vegetable gardens on the estate. She takes particular pride in her corn, beans and tomatoes.

In public Pat Nixon projected a stiff, almost plastic image—one that served well to conceal her inner anguish. Intimates say it also obscured a warmth and liveliness enjoyed only by those who knew her offstage. Yet her ordeal was obviously great as her husband, in the twilight of his presidency, lied to the public—and apparently even to his family—about the Watergate cover-up and was forced out of office. Most humiliating in more recent days was the Bob Woodward-Carl Bernstein description of a cold Nixon marriage, her consideration of divorce in 1962, her seeking solace in drink during those *Final Days* in the White House. Her feelings about such reports have not been revealed. "She always keeps her hurts and disappointments to herself," explains one of her closest friends. "She isn't what you'd call a confidante." Whatever she did feel through her husband's many crises, she has remained loyalty at his side.

Disbarred. Just as Pat was hospitalized, a court across the country dealt the Nixons another blow. Pronouncing formal judgment for the first time on her husband's conduct in office, an appellate division of the New York State Supreme Court disbarred the former President from legal practice in that state. In a 4-to-1 opinion, the tribunal found that Nixon had: 1) obstructed justice by impeding an FBI investigation into the Watergate burglary-bugging; 2) interfered with Daniel Ellsberg's legal defense against charges arising from his publication of the Pentagon Papers; 3) attempted to obstruct a Justice Department investigation into the burglary of the office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist, Lewis Fielding; 4) concealed evidence of unlawful activities by his White House and campaign staffs; and 5) approved hush-money payments to Watergate Conspirator E. Howard Hunt.

Nixon had tried to resign voluntarily from the New York bar, as he had done successfully in California and from Supreme Court practice. He did not contest the charges, which were brought by the Association of the Bar of the City of New York.



THE FORDS ENJOYING FIREWORKS DISPLAY FROM WHITE HOUSE BALCONY ON JULY 4

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDEY

A Feeling of People Together

"How," asked a White House official, "can we bottle it and keep it?"

He was talking about the Bicentennial spirit, its glow lingering all week in the presidential corridors, bubbling up every few hours in the Oval Office itself.

Even after four days of speeches and ceremonies, Gerald Ford was on such an emotional high after the last event on July 5 that he did not want to give up and go back to the White House. Leaving Monticello where he had spoken at a naturalization rite for 106 new citizens, the President ordered his helicopter pilot to circle back over Thomas Jefferson's mountaintop home. He wanted to look longer.

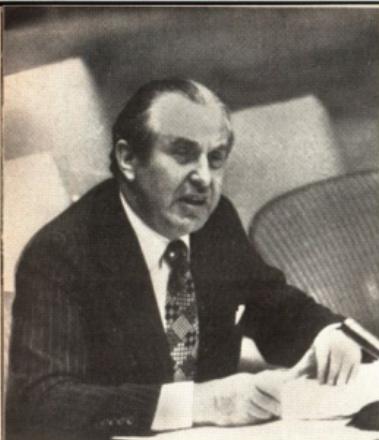
As the airborne caravan headed up the Potomac Valley, Ford again asked for a change in plans, to hover over Mount Vernon, George Washington's home. His aide, Jack Marsh, a Virginian and amateur historian, urged the President to swoop across the river and study Fort Washington, a stone redoubt built between 1814 and 1824 to protect the capital. As the chopper went on, Ford viewed the steeple of Christ Church where Washington had worshipped, still tall and proud along the parkway. Nearing the White House, Ford turned to his companions. "Did you get the same feeling as I got this weekend?" he asked. He answered his own question. "It was the feeling of people together."

Ford directed his staff to assess what had happened and why. Just a few hours before Queen Elizabeth arrived, Ford penciled into his greeting text: "Something wonderful happened to America this past weekend." When he found out that his staff had made a packet of his six Bicentennial speeches, he asked for a few to give to friends, his pride in his own words reaching a new height.

The White House pols debated just how they might tap this new good will for Ford's political purposes, or at least nurture it through November. Betty Ford, who had worried two years ago that the Bicentennial might be a mess, took her shoes off in her sitting room and declared she was amazed at the joy she encountered. She, too, let a little partisan fervor seep out, wondering in private if people did not understand that her husband had helped things along.

Indeed, there was even a larger debate on whether the self-confidence has been building all along and the Bicentennial simply provided an opportunity to parade it or whether all the fireworks and songs had actually been a catalyst for something new. Washington's resident joy boys, Richard Scammon and Ben Wattenberg, who write on political moods, felt vindicated since they have said for years America was never as down as others insisted. "This country listened to Jerry Rubin too long," said Scammon. "We heard from the mass of America on July 4. They have always been this way." And Wattenberg: "All we had to do was to make it O.K. again to say, 'America is a great country.'

Almost everybody agreed that the old problems will be back with us. But almost everybody also agreed that they will be approached with a little more confidence. The presidential candidates, quick to sense a mood, have already climbed on the theme. Over at Foggy Bottom Secretary of State Henry Kissinger took a minute off to relish the impact that the Bicentennial doings would have on foreign capitals, a message that might be equal to a few billion defense dollars. "It was," said Kissinger, "a testimony to the vitality of this country. It makes the argument about who is pessimistic and who is optimistic absurd."



ISRAEL'S HERZOG AT UNITED NATIONS



FUNERAL FOR THE ONE ISRAELI SOLDIER KILLED IN OPERATION

THE WORLD

TERRORISTS

After Entebbe: Showdown in New York

After the Israeli commandos' daring rescue of the skyjacking hostages, the Entebbe drama shifted late last week to the United Nations in New York. An African demand for Security Council condemnation of Israel for "aggression" against Uganda in the airport raid had promised one of the most stirring U.N. showdowns in years, and there was every sign that that promise would be fulfilled. The Council chamber was packed with diplomats, newsmen and spectators late last week when Uganda's Foreign Minister Juma Oris Abdalla rose to open the debate, which he did with a lengthy indictment of Jerusalem for "barbarism and banditry" coupled with a demand for full compensation for the damages Uganda suffered in the attack.

Later in the evening, it was Israel's Ambassador Chaim Herzog's

turn, and as he rose to speak, the chamber fell deathly silent. Israel would not consider itself on the defensive in the debate, Herzog began. "I am in no way sitting in the dock as the accused party," he said. Instead, he continued. "I stand here as an accuser [of] this rotten, corrupt, brutal, cynical, bloodthirsty monster of international terrorism and all those who support it in one way or the other, whether by commission or omission." The nations that should be on trial, he said, were those "who have collaborated with the terrorists and who have aided and abetted them." Israel was "proud" of the Entebbe raid, not only because it had saved the lives of 104 hostages but also because it had demonstrated "to the world that there is an alternative to surrender to terrorism and to blackmail."

Herzog's tough and moving address set the tone of the arguments that the U.S. and other delegations would be making as the debate continued this week: that charges of Israeli aggression against Uganda, which actively aided the skyjackers, were preposterous, that the real issue facing the U.N. was what to do about international terrorism.

The Israelis had prepared their appearance at the Security Council almost as thoroughly as their raid at Entebbe. And that, it was clear as further details of the operation came out, was meticulous indeed. The preparations, TIME's David Halevy reported from Jerusalem last week, began almost as soon as the Air France Airbus, which had been seized on a flight from Tel Aviv to Paris, landed in Uganda. Within 48 hours, the Mossad, Israel's CIA, had slipped

UGANDAN SOLDIERS PRAYING OVER THE COFFINS OF THEIR COMRADES KILLED BY ISRAELIS DURING THE ENTEBBE RAID



three black undercover agents into Entebbe and two into Kampala, the nearby capital. They sent Jerusalem a constant flow of intelligence, including photographs, about what the terrorists were doing and how the Ugandan army was deployed. With this information, the Israelis, who helped build the airport a decade ago, constructed a full-scale updated model of Entebbe to train commandos for the raid.

A senior Mossad officer was dispatched to persuade Kenyan officials to allow Israeli planes to land at Nairobi Airport in an emergency. The Kenyans were receptive. In January, Ugandan dictator Idi Amin Dada had helped terrorists get into Kenya for an unsuccessful attempt to destroy an Israeli El Al plane during a takeoff from Nairobi; then the following month, after coming across some old British colonial maps, Amin claimed that huge chunks of Kenya actually belonged to Uganda. In return for Kenyan help, the Israelis promised to cripple Amin's Soviet-equipped air force. To spare Nairobi the wrath of its neighbors, Israeli officials have stressed that they "forced themselves" on Nairobi Airport. For the same reason, the Kenyans have officially condemned the Israeli raid.

No Dynamite. Until very late in the week before the raid, the Israelis hoped to negotiate the release of the hostages, 93 Israelis and passengers with Jewish-sounding names and twelve Air France crew members. The skyjackers threatened to kill all of them unless Israel freed 40 terrorists from its prisons and West Germany, France, Switzerland and Kenya released an additional 13.

But as the negotiations bogged down, sentiment for the commando rescue mounted in the Israeli Cabinet. Finally Premier Yitzhak Rabin acquiesced—but only after the men from Mossad had assured him that the skyjackers had not planted dynamite around the Airbus and the terminal's lounge, where the hostages were being held. Rabin warned, however, that if the raid failed, "it might cause the collapse of this Cabinet."

Rabin's go-ahead came with less than 24 hours remaining before the skyjackers' Sunday afternoon deadline. In addition to the three unmarked C-130 Hercules transports that carried the commandos to Entebbe, the operation involved two more C-130s loaded with fuel and reinforcements, two Boeing 707s (one used as a flying headquarters, the other as a hospital ship with 33 doctors and two surgical cabins), eight jet fighters as escorts, three tankers to refuel the fighters. Another C-130 fitted out as a radio transmission station kept the war room in Tel Aviv in touch with the raiders at Entebbe.

The Mossad operatives cut Entebbe's communication links with the outside world and "decommissioned" the control tower, including the airfield's radar. When the three unmarked C-130s

Idi Amin: The Bully of Kampala

"I'm only sorry that the Israelis couldn't have shot Amin along with the hijackers. Africa would have been better for it."

That blunt comment by one of black Africa's most respected statesmen reflects a widespread conviction that Uganda's President Idi Amin Dada is the most grotesque national leader in power anywhere today. His credentials as bully and buffoon go back well before Entebbe. The nonstop reign of terror that the massive (6 ft. 4 in., 280 lbs.) former Ugandan heavyweight boxing champion and army sergeant major has unleashed since he seized power more than five years ago is thought to have cost the lives of at least 50,000 and perhaps as many as 200,000 Ugandans. Survivors of Amin's jails tell horror stories of prisoners sledgehammered to death by fellow inmates who were then forced to eat the flesh of those they had just killed. There are reports that whole villages have been machine-gunned, and the bodies fed to crocodiles. The Entebbe embarrassment will yield its own crop of corpses: the four air controllers and radar supervisors who had the misfortune to be manning the airport tower when the Israelis landed were later shot by Big Daddy's soldiers.

Amin, 48, long ago eliminated any semblance of freedom in Uganda. Parliament was abolished (he rules by decree and was recently named President for Life), the judiciary and civil service were completely purged, and the military was given extraordinary powers of arrest and summary execution. Soldiers rarely loot shops, commandeer cars and extort money from civilians.

Ever fearful of the kind of lightning coup with which he, as armed forces commander, ousted Milton Obote from the presidency in 1971, Amin often moves about under tight guard—usually trusted mercenaries who are themselves watched by a troop of undercover enforcers known as the Public Research Unit. Amin has survived at least eight assassination attempts, including one last month, when grenades were tossed at his car as he left Kampala's police headquarters. His driver was killed and 37 bystanders were injured but Amin was barely scratched, probably confirming his belief that "God is on my side and the most powerful witchcraft cannot hurt me."

Although Amin sometimes displays a peasant's earthy shrewdness—he was born into a poor farm family of the Kakwa tribe and dropped out of school after fourth grade—his impulsiveness and brutality have turned Uganda's economy into a shambles. There are constant shortages of goods, a rampant black

market and soaring inflation (current rate: about 80% a year). He did not help the economy by expelling some 50,000 Asians in 1972, thereby depriving the country of most of its merchants, technicians and entrepreneurs. To keep Uganda economically afloat, Amin has toadied to oil-rich Arab states in return for financial aid; this could explain his fanatical anti-Israeli policy. For arms, he has turned to Moscow.

Amin's public rhetoric pushes bombast to its limits. He has praised Adolf Hitler and plans to erect a memorial to *der Führer* in Kampala. Constantly lecturing world leaders, Amin has (in 1973) wished Richard Nixon "a speedy recovery from the Watergate affair"; advised President Gerald Ford to choose a black

DAWNEE LEE/STYLING



UGANDAN DICTATOR AMIN

as U.S. Vice President; told Arab states to "train kamikaze pilots [to] beat Israel"; and denounced Julius Nyerere, the President of neighboring Tanzania, as "a whore who spreads gonorrhea all over Africa."

For good reason, therefore, do many of Africa's most respected leaders privately express their revulsion for Amin. At last week's annual summit meeting of the Organization of African Unity, where Amin's one-year term as chairman ended, Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda pointedly refused to shake his hand. Several days later, a Kenyan government statement probably best summed it up, with some exaggeration, when it pitted "the peace-loving people of Uganda" for living under "the world's greatest dictator."

THE WORLD

landed, the 160 troops aboard them deployed in four groups. The first rushed the terminal where the hostages were guarded by ten skyjackers and about 40 Ugandan soldiers; barking through loudspeakers, the rescuers told the hostages to hit the floor. The Israelis then killed seven skyjackers (three escaped) and about 20 Ugandans; the Israeli commander of the group, Lieut. Colonel Yonatan Netanyahu, was killed by a Ugandan soldier. The second group, blazing away from two armored personnel carriers,

held back the rest of the confused Ugandans and destroyed eleven Ugandan air force MiGs with antitank missiles. The third group waited in reserve, while the fourth unsuccessfully tried to get the airfield's fuel pumps working. Because of this failure, the Israelis were not able to refuel and retrieve the Air France plane as they had planned. Instead, they had to refuel their own C-130s at Nairobi on the flight back to Israel.

What was self-styled Field Marshal Amin doing during the raid? As the C-

130s approached Entebbe, an old acquaintance of his, Colonel Baruch Bar-Lev, a former Israeli military attaché in Uganda, phoned him from Tel Aviv. By the time Amin and Bar-Lev hung up 20 minutes later, the Israelis' 50-minute raid was well under way.

Since the raid, diplomats in Kampala say, the mercurial Ugandan leader has been furiously searching for scapegoats for the Entebbe disaster. One possible victim of Amin's fury may have been the lone hostage the Israeli commandos left behind: Dora Bloch, 74, who at the time of the rescue was in a Kampala hospital being treated after some food had become stuck in her throat. At week's end, ominously, Ugandan authorities were claiming that they knew nothing of her whereabouts.

Amin, who is scarcely a moderate statesman (*see box*), will be a central figure in the Security Council debate, even though he will not be present. For this reason, some of the Africans who originally demanded the session have admitted privately that the proceedings were likely to be "very painful." The Israelis felt they would have little difficulty in indicting Amin as a partner in the skyjacking—if not in the planning, then certainly in the developments after the Airbus landed at Entebbe. This says Jerusalem, is what gave Israel the right to intrude on Ugandan territory to save the hostages.

Based on information obtained from the freed hostages and by the *Mossad* and largely confirmed by diplomats in Kampala and officials in West European countries, Israel's Herzog argued among other points, that:

► A skyjacker knew in advance that Entebbe was the plane's destination.

► Upon landing at Entebbe, one of the skyjackers exclaimed: "Everything is O.K. The army is at the airport."

► Amin warmly embraced the skyjackers.

► The terrorists came and went as if they were at home, with cars driven by Ugandans.

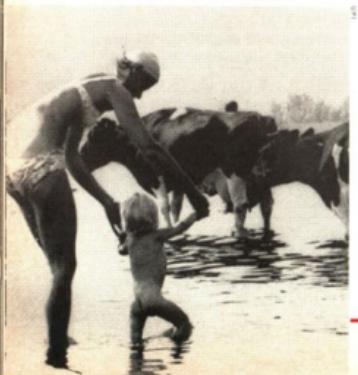
► For the first 24 hours at Entebbe the Ugandans guarded the hostages. When the skyjackers returned refreshed, the Ugandan soldiers supplied them with submachine guns.

The U.S. planned to veto any Security Council resolution branding Israel as an aggressor. Washington and Jerusalem hope, however, that most delegates will agree to broaden the Council's agenda to discuss terrorism in general. Possibly (but by no means probably) the debate might lead the U.N. finally to take some action against international terrorism. Conceivably, the U.N. had ever taken any kind of stand against the jet-age "freedom fighters" who are ready and able to raise havoc and seize hostages anywhere to avenge their own local grievances, the skyjacking might not have happened and the Entebbe drama would never have taken place.

A Case of Continental Heat Prostration



PARISIANS BASK AT LUNCH HOUR



DUTCH MOTHER & CHILD COOL OFF

In Paris, the satirical weekly *Canard Enchaîné* last week suggested the title for a new and presumably sweaty exploitation film, *Histoire d'Eau*, showing that even the French can occasionally find sex of less compelling interest than water. Players briefly fled the British Open when brushfires broke out at the Royal Birkdale Golf Course. In Switzerland, thousands of fish were dying, officials said, because of oxygen depletion in their normal swimming grounds. Hordes of European citizens knew what the fish were going through: not only had the temperature got out of hand, but some British officials were worried about the increase of ozone levels in the air over London and other cities.

It was one of the worst droughts of the century in Western Europe. For at least three weeks and up to six weeks in some hard-hit areas, virtually no rain fell in northern parts; and though by week's end a few droplets had sprinkled on Britain, France and Germany—Denmark by contrast enjoyed a heaven-sent downpour—it seemed likely that the damage done would be felt for months. A variety of crops were ruined, and the death toll from heat prostration ran into the hundreds.

The temperatures that produced such a disaster were merely in the mid-90s. But average June and July temperatures in Western Europe are usually much lower, and air-conditioning—an innovation that some Americans rank with the discovery of the Salk vaccine—is relatively unknown.

Europe is likely to be on short water rations for the rest of the summer. In France, the government ordered 440 miles of the country's canal system shut down so that the water could be diverted to parched farms. Water levels in the Rhine and Danube rivers have declined so much that ships plying them can carry only half their normal loads.

Consumers will continue to be burned long after the heat wave is over. Feed for livestock has virtually disappeared in Europe—French dairymen have been feeding surplus bananas to their cattle—and the scarcity will lead to early slaughter of herds and meat shortages later on.

CANADA

Trudeau: 'What Are We Doing?'

There are more than 6.6 million French-speaking citizens in officially bilingual Canada (pop. 23 million), and last week most of them were bitterly unhappy. They felt themselves betrayed on that most sensitive of Canadian issues, language rights, by a fellow Francophone, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. To most French minds, Trudeau's government had utterly capitulated to 2,670 English-speaking airline pilots, who had choked off air transport in the country for nine days to oppose the use of French as well as English in the air-traffic control towers that govern the airspace over French-speaking Canada. It was yet another sign of the malaise that has gripped the ruling federal Liberal Party, and it could hardly have been more embarrassing personally to Trudeau; his very presence in Ottawa was supposed to show that French Canadians could prosper equally within Canada's loosely run confederation.

Strident Opinions. It is typical of Canadian sensitivity over language that such an arcane dispute could touch off a full-blown national crisis. The fight, sparked when the Ottawa government proposed extending bilingual air-traffic control to Montreal's busy international airports and later to Ottawa, did exactly that. The Canadian Air Traffic Control Association and the conservative Canadian Air Line Pilots Association (CALPA), both dominated by English Canadians, condemned the decision as unsafe. English, they claimed, is the international language of air communication. The assertion was a half-truth: in Europe, for example, air-traffic controllers at local airports work in their own language; international airports are bilingual, and English is the language of international flights. But the pilots' resistance brought into focus longstanding English-Canadian resentment over federal bilingual policies and the presence of "French power," meaning Trudeau and his colleagues from Quebec, in Ottawa. Says Canada's Commissioner of Official Languages, Keith Spicer: "A lot of strident opinions came out of the woodwork that have always been there but didn't have a hobby horse to ride on."

With the Montreal Olympics approaching (see SPORT), the federal government finally got the airline pilots to agree to arbitration of their grievance. The terms of the deal, though, drove French Canadians to despair. The government pledged not to go ahead with its plans for bilingual flight unless a three-person judicial inquiry unanimously found that bilingual traffic control was compatible with air safety. Their findings must also be ratified by an unusual free vote in the House of Commons. The pilots, on the other

hand, pledged nothing. They did not even agree to honor the judges' decision if it went against them.

One of Trudeau's oldest and closest comrades-in-arms from Quebec, Environment Minister Jean Marchand, resigned from the Cabinet in protest. The Quebec National Assembly unanimously approved a resolution supporting the rights of French-speaking pilots. Said René Lévesque, leader of Quebec's Separatist Parti Québécois: "It's proof that the people who would have us believe in a bilingual Canada from sea to sea have failed." More than ever, Canada seemed destined to remain *une maison divisée* between factions representing the two contending languages. Says Spicer: "Even moderate French-speaking Canadians today believe that they have been shafted."

The dispute has measurably extended Canadian disenchantment with Trudeau. His government, rocked recently by major and minor scandals, has been behaving fitfully for more than a year. In that time, two other Cabinet ministers have resigned—one in disagreement over economic policy, the other after being convicted of contempt of court for criticizing a judge's verdict. Voters are chafing under wage and price controls rushed into existence nine months ago to combat a 10.6% inflation rate, which has since declined to 8.9%. Recovery of the sluggish Canadian economy still lags far behind that of the U.S. (first quarter G.N.P. in Can-



DONATO—TORONTO SUN

ada rose at an annual rate of 2.7%; in the U.S. it rose 8.5%). The latest findings of the Canadian Gallup poll are that the government enjoys the confidence of only 31% of the electorate, v. 43% for its chief rival, the Progressive Conservatives.

Under the circumstances, it may not be surprising that many French Canadians are asking, as Trudeau himself demanded during the height of the latest language battle, "What the hell are we doing within this country?"

Air Talk: Attendez, S'il Vous Plaît

To the uninitiated, air traffic communication in any language all sounds like Greek. Mainly, it is a hyperabbreviated shorthand of letters and numerals identifying sender and receiver and passing on data about wind conditions, altitudes and airport geography. Herewith a typical conversation, in English and French, as it might be overheard by an Air Canada pilot over Quebec City.

Pilot: Quebec ground, this is Fox-trou Juliet Victor Hotel, radio check. One two decimal nine.

Ground Control: J.V.H., Quebec ground, radio check.

Pilot: Quebec ground, J.V.H. at hangar number three. Request taxi clearance. Over.

Ground Control: J.V.H., Quebec ground. Runway zero six, wind zero seven zero at five, time zero two five five, altitude two nine nine four. Cleared to taxi.

Pilot: Quebec tower, J.V.H. ready for takeoff.

Tower: J.V.H., Quebec tower. Cleared for takeoff.

Pilot: Quebec tower, J.V.H. downwind.

Tower: J.V.H., number one.

Pilot: Québec sol, ici Foxtrot Juliette Victor Hotel, vérification radio. Un deux décimal neuf.

Contrôle au Sol: J.V.H. Québec sol, la radio fonctionne.

Pilot: Québec sol, J.V.H. au hangar numéro trois. Puis-je circuler? Répondez.

Contrôle au Sol: J.V.H. Québec sol. Piste zéro six, vent zéro sept zéro à cinq, l'heure zéro deux cinq cinq, altimètre deux neuf neuf quatre. A la piste.

Pilot: Tour de Québec, J.V.H. prêt à décoller.

Tour: J.V.H. tour de Québec. Autorisé à décoller.

Pilot: Tour de Québec, J.V.H. vent arrière.

Tour: J.V.H. numéro un.

SWEDEN

Something Souring in Utopia

It is a country whose very name has become a synonym for a materialist paradise. Its citizens enjoy one of the world's highest living standards, and a great many possess symbols of individual affluence: a private home or a modern apartment, a family car, a *stuga* (summer cottage) and often a sailboat. No slums disfigure their cities, their air and water are largely pollution-free, and they have ever more leisure to indulge a collective passion for being *ut i naturen* (out in nature) in their half-forested country. Neither ill-health, unemployment nor old age pose the terror of

Above all, perhaps, there is increasing concern that the *samhället*—the unique collective society created by Sweden's own brand of socialism—has fostered both a bureaucracy and a mentality that put security ahead of initiative, welfare ahead of opportunity and to envelop life in a cocoon of red tape. It was the labyrinth of tax regulations administered by a stern bureaucracy that prompted the self-exile of one of Sweden's most creative citizens: Writer-Director Ingmar Bergman, 58, who settled in Hollywood in April after suffering a nervous breakdown brought

ENGBERG—PHOTOREPORTERS

THE WORLD

headed by Prime Minister Olof Palme, which has ruled the country (sometimes with coalition partners) for the past 44 years. Scarcely Marxist, the party long ago discarded belief in class warfare and state ownership of the means of production. Sweden's socialism has encouraged continued capitalist ownership of enterprises (90% of industry is in private hands) and private investment in new areas of production.

Yet the government has severely curtailed the discretion of Sweden's capitalists in using their wealth and managing their businesses. Observes Stockholm University Jurist Gustaf Lindencrona: "As long as you use your money to raise productivity, the government won't do anything against it. But if people want to consume their money, the government will keep them from doing it." The aim has been to foster what the Social Democrats call "social" rather than "antisocial" uses of ownership. This will be furthered by legislation that takes effect next year, encouraging all management decisions to be subject to collective bargaining with labor unions: not only what wages to pay but how to budget investments, allocate profits—in short, everything.

Special Conditions. Sweden's hybrid economy rode out the recent worldwide recession rather well. The Swedish gross national product grew (albeit modestly), and unemployment was minimal (49,000, or 1.2% of the labor force, as of last May). The success of Stockholm's anti-recession measures (like subsidizing production for stockpiles in order to keep employment high) was praised as an example of adroit fine tuning by the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development. Yet the price Sweden paid for combatting unemployment this way was a sharp decline in productivity and a high rate of inflation (currently about 11%); together they have made Swedish goods less competitive in world markets.

Moreover, it is questionable whether Sweden's techniques can be exported. Reports TIME Bonn Correspondent Gisela Bolte: "For the Swedish system to work requires Swedish conditions. It is a small country on the periphery of Europe (it has not been involved in a war for 160 years) with a homogeneous population. Not only do Swedes trust one another, they also trust their government. Labor and business cooperate so smoothly that strikes are virtually unknown, and the unions have not resisted structural changes in the economy. Key decisions are made in personal contacts among a small number of government, labor and business leaders."

"One illustration of the country's uniqueness is the anecdote about a Swedish economist bragging to an Indian of the splendid performance of Sweden's economy. 'How many countrymen do you have?' inquired the Indian. When the Swede replied, the Indian retorted wryly, 'Well, that is what

BEFORE HIS SELF-EXILE TO THE U.S., INGMAR BERGMAN STROLLS AT FARO, SWEDEN

Concern that the cost of the social laboratory is getting out of hand.

financial hardship. In short, Sweden's 8.2 million citizens have ample reasons for being satisfied. In fact, most are.

Yet growing numbers are plagued by a persistent, gnawing question: Is their utopia going sour? Despite Sweden's prosperity, a sharp increase in burglaries and robberies has produced a sudden sales boom in police locks and other antitheft devices. Police in a country that for years took pride in having no drug problem have recently uncovered several large caches of heroin. There are no signs, moreover, that Sweden has made any progress in dealing with its nagging alcoholism problem or its high suicide rate.*

*Compared with other countries, Sweden ranks 17th in deaths from cirrhosis of the liver (9.3 per 100,000); the U.S. ranks ninth (15.5 per 100,000). Although the suicide rate (20.3 per 100,000) is the seventh highest in the world, the Swedes argue that most nations, for religious or legal reasons, underreport suicides.

on by his arrest on tax-evasion charges. (The courts have yet to decide whether Bergman does indeed owe back taxes.)

The *samhället*'s cradle-to-grave benefits are unmatched in any other free society outside Scandinavia. Swedes enjoy free public education through college, four weeks' annual vacation and comprehensive retraining programs if they want to switch careers. On the average, Swedish workers take 22 days per year of sick leave (for which they get 90% of their regular salary) and pay \$3.40 at most for each visit to an out-patient clinic. On retirement at age 65, an industrial laborer earning \$11,250 annually is entitled to a pension of \$8,726. In pursuit of new ways to ease the *Angst* of life, a local politician actually proposed that the government provide free sex partners for the lonely.

The *samhället* is the creation of Sweden's Social Democratic Party, now



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LV CHICAGO	AR ST. LOUIS	REMARKS	LV ST. LOUIS	AR CHICAGO	REMARKS
* 8:25 a.m.	9:20 a.m.	Snack	5:45 a.m.	7:58 a.m.	
9:10 a.m.	11:03 a.m.		5:58 a.m.	7:45 a.m.	
9:40 a.m.	11:30 a.m.		6:15 a.m.	8:10 a.m.	
*10:55 a.m.	11:51 a.m.		* 8:00 a.m.	8:57 a.m.	
*11:50 a.m.	12:45 p.m.	Snack	*10:25 a.m.	11:18 a.m.	Breakfast
* 1:05 p.m.	2:00 p.m.	Snack	10:30 a.m.	12:15 p.m.	
1:30 p.m.	3:25 p.m.		10:30 a.m.	12:18 p.m.	
* 3:25 p.m.	4:20 p.m.		*11:55 a.m.	12:48 p.m.	Snack
* 4:25 p.m.	5:20 p.m.		*12:40 p.m.	1:33 p.m.	Snack
* 5:35 p.m.	6:31 p.m.	Wine Basket	1:25 p.m.	2:49 p.m.	
5:59 p.m.	7:25 p.m.		* 1:55 p.m.	2:48 p.m.	
* 6:15 p.m.	7:14 p.m.	Wine Basket	* 4:00 p.m.	4:55 p.m.	
6:59 p.m.	8:53 p.m.		4:05 p.m.	5:55 p.m.	
* 7:55 p.m.	8:31 p.m.		* 5:00 p.m.	5:58 p.m.	Wine Basket
9:20 p.m.	11:10 p.m.		* 6:00 p.m.	6:55 p.m.	Wine Basket
9:55 p.m.	11:47 p.m.		* 6:55 p.m.	7:48 p.m.	

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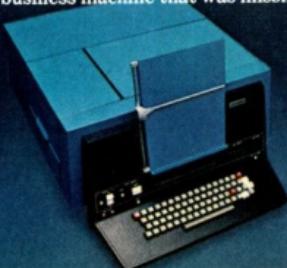
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sort of thing.



Try it on the rocks.

in my country we call a laboratory."

But is the cost of the social welfare experiment in Sweden's laboratory getting out of hand? Many Swedes think so. To pay for social security, employers must now ante up as much as \$38.70 to the state for every \$100 in salary they disburse. This is in addition to what businesses must spend for vacations, holidays and sick leaves. The individual Swede also pays for his privileges, in the form of some of the world's highest income taxes; that industrial worker who earns \$11,250, for instance, must give the taxman \$4,125. Levies on the half-million self-employed Swedes—professionals, farmers, intellectuals and small businessmen—are even more onerous. The maximum tax rate is supposed to be 85%, but in one recent, celebrated case involving Astrid Lindgren, a writer of children's books, the taxman threatened to take 102% of her royalty earnings.

Back to Barter. The Lindgren case resulted from a quirk in the law (which will be changed), but it dramatized the near confiscatory nature of Sweden's tax structure, which inhibits individual initiative. Sven Stolpe, 70, one of Sweden's most distinguished writers, announced last month that he had burned the manuscripts for a new five-volume series of novels. His angry explanation: "Practically everything I earn is taxed around 100%. It is all my life's work that is being stolen." Silversmith Rey Urban, 46, moans that while his products are in demand everywhere, "I don't dare produce on a large scale" because of the taxes. In order to avoid records of transactions and hence a tax on earnings, there has even been something of a return to barter. Example: a dentist will fix a plumber's teeth in exchange for having a sink repaired.

Adding to the Swedes' frustration over tax rates is the sweeping power of the tax collectors. They can enter houses without court order, inspect bank records, even survey private medical records. The Bergman case prompted Author Kjell Sundberg to declare angrily, "The way society treated Bergman is the way ordinary people are daily treated by the tax authorities, the judicial system, the penal system, the schools."

Swedes, in fact, are for the first time beginning to worry about "Big Brother." Traditional civil liberties are largely intact: there is complete freedom of the press, as well as free elections, free speech and freedom of assembly. But the ever growing government bureaucracy encompasses 1.1 million of the country's 4.1 million workers. It inundates businessmen with almost endless forms and regulates a great deal of private life. A man who wants to repaint his house, for instance, must use officially approved colors (chiefly, various shades of tan).

A particularly unpleasant kind of unofficial intimidation is something the Swedes call *den kungliga Svenska avundsjukan* (the royal Swedish envy): a near universal disapproval of anyone

who jumps too far outside the norm, either in the quantity of his material possessions or, by extension, the quality of his ideas. It is, moreover, nearly impossible for anyone to hide from a neighbor's scrutiny: all income-tax data, birth records and other personal documents are matters of public information, available for inspection at public records offices.

There is a growing irritation with the stifling welfare system, in large measure because Swedes have discovered it does not always deliver as much as it promises. In health care, the government discourages Swedes from using costly medical services by forcing patients to wait in long queues. It can take up to two months to get an appointment to see a doctor, and such visits average about ten minutes. Referral to a specialist often takes two years, and the wait for elective surgery (like the removal of a troublesome but not too dangerous gall bladder) can take five years.

The complaints have had political impact. The three nonsocialist opposition parties (Liberal, Center and Moderate) have pledged to halt the trend toward greater government centralization and slow the growth of the welfare state; the nonsocialist bloc has gained considerable strength. Since the 1973 election that left the Social Democrats with only 156 of Parliament's 350 seats, they have had to govern as a minority, relying on the support of 19 Communist votes and occasional deals with other opposition Deputies in order to enact key legislation. According to the latest polls, the Social Democrats' support is down to 40.5% of the voters (compared with the 43.6% the party won in 1973), while the nonsocialist bloc has climbed to 53.5% (up from 48.8% in 1973).

The next parliamentary elections are scheduled for this September; by then, the socialists—as they have often done before—may come from behind, thanks to a powerful machine that gets out the votes. A close outcome, however, would be a hard-to-ignore signal of continuing discontent with the Social Democratic blueprint for a utopia.

At the Limits. Observes TIME's Bolte: "Nobody really knows where the limits of the welfare state are. Sweden, however, could be approaching them. Some businesses are already becoming noncompetitive with foreign manufacturers. The Swedish work ethic has suffered from high taxation and easy welfare. People refuse to work overtime, and the absenteeism rate—now at 10%—is one of the highest in the developed world. Some of the most creative people are opting for self-exile, not only because of bureaucratic harassment but also because conformity has made Sweden a very dull place. Although the welfare state seems to have worked so far, in the long run the regimentation of people's lives may kill the individual initiative and the private entrepreneurship needed for continued progress."

THE WORLD



SWEDES QUEUING AT THE POST-OFFICE BANK



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SUBURBAN STOCKHOLM DWELLINGS



NAPTIME AT STOCKHOLM DAY-CARE CENTER

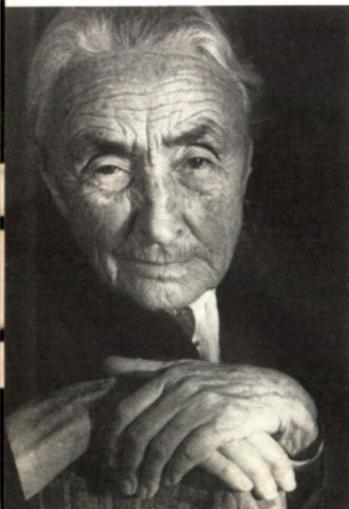
PEOPLE



TATUM O'NEAL DANCES BACK

She was a chain-smoking con girl in *Paper Moon*, a hard-throwing Little League pitcher in *The Bad News Bears*. For her next number, **Tatum O'Neal**, all of 12, will dance back to the screen as a budding hoofer in *Nickelodeon*, Director **Peter Bogdanovich's** new film about 1920s Hollywood. Not to be outdone by Co-Star **Jane Hitchcock**, who once studied with Choreographer **George Balanchine** of the New York City Ballet, Tatum took a six-week crash course in tap dancing before stepping into her new

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE REVIEWS O'KEEFFE



role. Sums up Tatum: "I guess it's much more practical for me to be a hoofer than a pitcher."

Rather like a roving medieval Irish clan, Senator **Edward Kennedy** and 20 relatives and friends sallied forth into western Massachusetts last week on a camping trip. Among those accompanying Teddy were Wife **Joan**, Sisters **Jean Smith** and **Evonne Shriver** and Children **Kara**, 16, **Ted Jr.**, 14, and **Patrick**, 8. They all lived off the fat of the land—cookouts at local friends' homes—endured scraped knees and capsized canoes, and at an amusement park, braved the roller coaster. As ever, the Kennedy holiday was no swing in a hammock.

Her paintings are etched with hard desert lines and spaces, and at times, Artist **Georgia O'Keeffe** has seemed like a prickly flower blooming in one of her

needs the Jewish vote. So there he was campaigning, in a sense, 6,000 miles from his constituency. One problem: the Israeli leaders he met seemed distracted. "My mind was somewhere else," confessed Defense Minister Shimon Peres after meeting with Moynihan. As Moynihan learned hours later, "somewhere else" was Uganda, where the dramatic rescue of 104 hostages was taking place.

When his first-string caddy tore an Achilles' tendon at Royal Birkdale in Southport, England, last week, **Jack Nicklaus Sr.** brought up a substitute to carry his clubs in the British Open—**Jack Nicklaus Jr.** At 14, the 6 ft. 2 in. Nicklaus fils is already down to a five handicap, but as he watched his father practice, he promised to hold his tongue. "Believe me," he said, "I would never tell him what club to use." Out on the course, however, that promise proved



TED KENNEDY, SON PATRICK (RIGHT) & ETHEL'S DAUGHTER RORY GO ROLLING

own solitary landscapes. To a reporter visiting her isolated home in Abiquiu, N. Mex., she once offered this insight into her work: "If you don't get it, that's too bad." At the mellowing age of 88, however, O'Keeffe has decided there is a bit to be said after all. The result is a book of reflections on her life as a painter—due to come out this fall (Viking Press). Her straightforward reason for writing: "No one else can know how my paintings happen."

He already owned nearly 30 honorary degrees, but for **Daniel Patrick Moynihan**, 49, former U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, the offer of another—an honorary doctorate from the Hebrew University of Israel—was too good to resist. Moynihan, whose anti-Arab stand in the U.N. won the hearts of Israel, is now seeking the Democratic U.S. Senate nomination in New York and

easier to break than par: "When I asked for a six-iron," reported Jack Sr., "he answered 'I'd play a seven.'" Nicklaus was pleased with his son's performance, although not with his own—and with reason. He finished six strokes behind **Johnny Miller**, who won his first British open.

Side by side in a box for a game at Yankee Stadium last week, Secretary of State **Henry Kissinger**—long a Yankee fan—and Baseball Commissioner **Bowie Kuhn**—under threat of a lawsuit by the Yankees (TIME, June 28)—may have been secretly wondering what it would be like to switch jobs for a while. Kuhn could use shuttle diplomacy to bring about détente between team owners and players, whose contract impasse is as hard a problem to solve as the one in the Middle East. And Kissinger could use some advice on how to negotiate a no-cut contract.

Another Delay for Viking

"It may be that we don't understand Mars at all, or that all the areas of Mars are likely to be bad. But we shall find a place to land. I think ..."

If Viking Project Manager James S. Martin Jr. sounded plaintive last week, there was good reason. After studying photographs and radar scans of Viking's first alternative landing site on Mars' Chryse Planitia, the Plains of Chryse, he scrubbed a landing scheduled for July 17 and started studying a new site for a touchdown that could not take place until next week at the earliest. The postponement, following last month's decision to cancel Viking's scheduled July 4 landing, raised concern among scientists at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory's Mission Control Center; it further reduced the time left for Viking 1 to carry out its tasks before Viking 2 arrives.

Close Look. Earlier in the week scientists had been reasonably confident that the first alternative site, about 500 miles northwest of the original touchdown area, would prove safe for landing. Pictures from Viking's camera—which can "see" details down to the size of a football field each time the orbiter swoops to within 1,000 miles of Chryse—showed what seemed to be a relatively smooth area between two heavily cratered strips. It appeared to be less hazardous than the original site, which is crisscrossed by crevasses and steep escarpments that could swallow the lander or cause it to turn over.

Follow-up examination by the giant

radar antenna at Arecibo, Puerto Rico, quickly dispelled that notion. The radar data indicated that the landscape was littered with boulders ranging from 3 ft. to 15 ft. in diameter. Despite pressure from biologists anxious to begin Viking's life-seeking experiments, Martin decided that the risks at the second site were too great for the 1,270-lb., three-legged lander; to lose it on landing would leave the billion-dollar Viking mission totally dependent on Viking 2.

After ruling this site out, the scientists turned to a third site some 900 miles west-northwest of the original target area. Preliminary radar data suggested that the new landing zone is smoother than the other two, but Viking scientists wanted detailed photographs of the area before making a final decision. To get them, controllers at J.P.L. last week "tweaked" Viking's thrusters to bring the periapsis (low point) of its orbit directly over the new landing site. If the photographs confirm that Chryse Planitia is relatively smooth, Viking will land on July 20.

In making his decisions, Martin is confronted by a complex series of deadlines. Some biologists are worried that the "chicken soup"—a nutrient-rich broth that will be used to moisten samples of Martian soil to determine if they contain organisms—will not keep long enough for all of the experiments scheduled. Even more vexing, Viking 2 is scheduled to arrive at Mars and go into orbit on Aug. 7. That will crowd the schedule of the Viking 1 lander, which will not begin to conduct its experiments until eight days after it lands. Each

of the experiments requires an eleven- or twelve-day cycle, and if one of the experiments shows some promising results, it will have to be repeated twice more before scientists can state with confidence that there is life on Mars.

The arrival of Viking 2 could also confront scientists with an embarrassment of riches. J.P.L. does not have the communications capacity to operate and control both spacecraft and landers simultaneously. One must wait idly, either in orbit or on the Martian surface, while the other works.

Tale of Two Mothers

That both of the female baboons at San Antonio's Southwest Foundation for Research and Education had become mothers on Sept. 5, 1975, was hardly unusual. That each was the mother of the same infant male baboon was another matter entirely. In fact, delivery of the baby baboon, reported in *Science*, was the first birth of a primate resulting from an embryo transplant.* It also may have brought closer the day when a woman who can conceive but is unable to carry a child through a full-term pregnancy could allow another woman to carry and give birth to her infant.

The successful experiment began in Texas in the spring of 1975, when Researchers Duane Kraemer, Gary Moore and Martin Kramen removed a fertilized egg from a baboon five days after she had mated with a male. At that point the egg had moved from her fallopian tube and was floating freely, but it had not yet become implanted in the uterine wall, where there would have been more difficulty in removing it. The fertilized egg was then implanted in the uterine wall of a second female that had been chosen as foster mother because she had ovulated on the same day as the genetic mother (which meant that her uterus was prepared to accept the embryo). The foster mother carried the developing fetus for 174 days and then gave birth to a normal male infant.

Quick Payoff. While many ethical and legal problems remain before embryo transfers become possible in humans, repetition of the Texas experiment could provide some quick payoffs in primate research. In studies of high blood pressure (hypertension), for example, a female baboon with a genetic tendency toward hypertension could be used to provide researchers with many more animals with the same condition. She could be mated once a month, and her fertilized egg removed each time for implantation in a foster mother. The foster mothers would then give birth to infants with a predisposition to hypertension.

*Embryo transfers have been performed successfully in cattle and rabbits for years.



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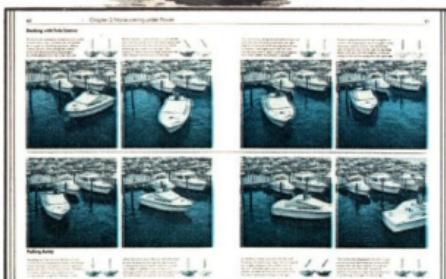
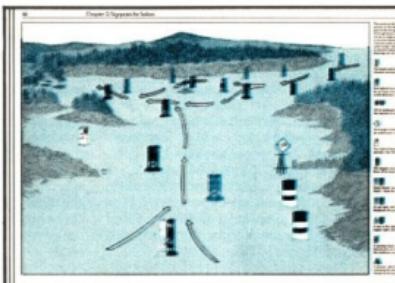
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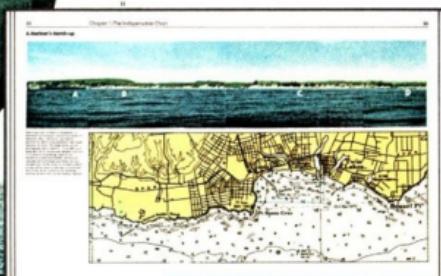
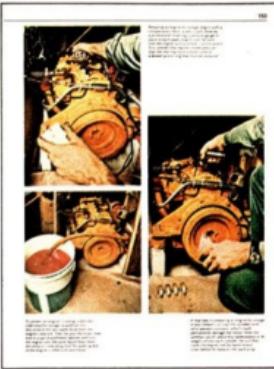
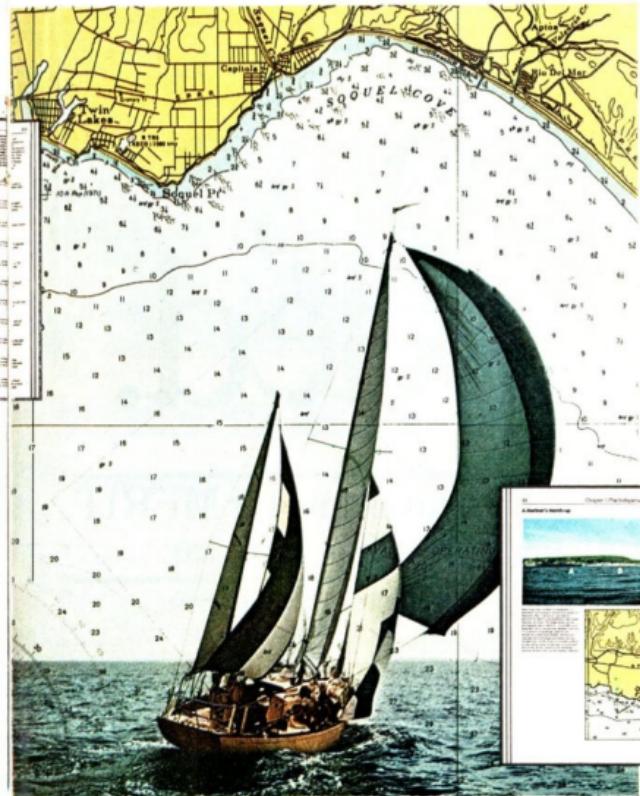
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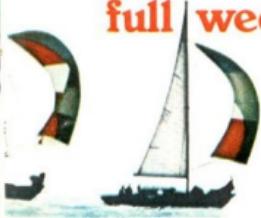
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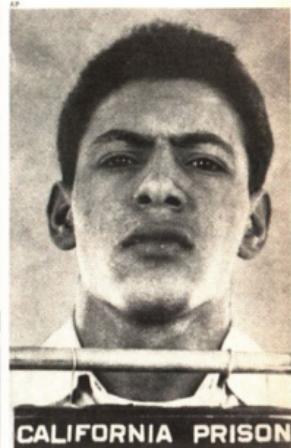
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DEFENDANT PINELL

THE LAW

The Longest Trial

Everyone trying to enter the courtroom is scanned by electronic devices; there is a pat-down search by guards who also rummage through purses and briefcases; photographs are taken of each new visitor. All the defendants (except one who is on bail) are shackled at the ankles and wrists and are chained around the waist to chairs that are bolted to the floor—presumably to thwart escape attempts. Three TV cameras monitor everything in the court, and a bulletproof, multi-layered, Plexiglas shield separates spectators from judge, jury, lawyers and defendants.

All that security has been mustered every working day for the past 15 months in the Marin County Civic Center in San Rafael, where the longest trial in California history is expected to go to the jury next week. The case involves the so-called San Quentin Six,* who are accused of taking part in a 1971 prison breakout attempt that left Black Militant Convict George Jackson dead, along with three guards and two inmate trustees. Their trial may well mark the final effort to exorcize the specter of Jackson from the Marin courthouse. In 1970 the same building was the scene of the kidnap-shootout that Jackson's brother Jonathan hoped would force George's release from San Quentin. Instead, Jonathan, Judge Harold Haley and two prisoners were killed. Now the question facing a seven-woman, five-

man jury is whether the six San Quentin defendants conspired to launch the 1971 break and are guilty of murder.

The importance of the issue at trial has been somewhat obscured by the time, money and verbiage spent on the case. It took no less than 17 weeks to select the jurors (who have mercifully not been sequestered). So far, the trial has produced 22,150 pages of transcript, plus 546 exhibits of evidence, ranging from the three Winchester rifles used by guards when Jackson was killed to the medical headache chart of one of the defendants. The prosecution has called 34 witnesses, while the defense has countered with 49, many of whom support the San Quentin Six's contention that officials set up the alleged breakout in order to kill Jackson.

Top Tabs. All of this has cost state taxpayers \$1.6 million to date, and Marin County Auditor-Controller Michael Mitchell figures the tally will hit \$2 million before the last bills are in—not including appeals if there are convictions. Some items in that total: \$65,000 in jury fees, \$200,000 for reporting and transcribing, \$205,108 for the D.A., \$96,477 for the public defender and as yet unspecified costs for four additional outside defense attorneys.

The expense and expanse of the trial point up a growing anomaly of justice in the U.S. Angela Davis' trial cost California \$1.2 million. Daniel Ellsberg's federal prosecution tab has been estimated at as much as \$3.5 million. The Patty Hearst extravaganza cost at least \$480,000 in Federal Government funds, plus whatever the Hearsts them-

selves paid. Joan Little's supporters had to raise a \$300,000 defense fund, while the state of North Carolina spent at least as much. "The irony is that you have criticism of these expensive and prolonged trials; on the other hand, you have criticism that with plea bargaining you don't have enough trials," says Berkeley Law Dean Sanford Kadish.

Though long trials can produce too much information for a rational truth-seeking process, few experts see any solution. Judges can try to limit the lawyers, but Frank Raichle, a leading New York State litigator, points out that "all kinds of questions come up during a trial—the suppression of evidence, improper evidence before the jury, constitutional rights. The issues get clouded by all these other things. But fairness and justice shouldn't be sacrificed on the altar of speed." Frank Cox, who has been defending one of the San Quentin Six, has had little time or energy to reflect on the wider ramifications of his ordeal. Anxiously anticipating the trial's end, he says wearily, "I feel like I've got a pale date."

Less Second-Guessing On Police Searches

The Supreme Court often winds up issuing one of its most important decisions on the concluding day of the term. Last week was no exception. Just before hanging up their robes for a badly needed summer recess—the 39-week term was among the longest ever—the Justices issued a ruling that means an

*Hugo A. Pinell, Willie Tate, Johnny Larry Spain, David Johnson, Fleeta Drumgo and Luis Talamantez.

THE LAW

immediate end to almost all review by federal courts of alleged violations by states of the Fourth Amendment's search and seizure provisions. The decision created far less of a public stir than the court's dramatic rulings on capital punishment (TIME, July 12), but it will actually have a greater impact on the administration of criminal justice. The effect will be to cut the number of judicial umpires who second-guess the legality of police searches.

Trusting States. Prisoners whose convictions have been upheld by state courts have been able in recent years to move their cases to the federal courthouse with habeas corpus petitions that raised constitutional claims. By a 6-to-3 vote,* the court last week ruled that a federal review need not be granted if the prisoner is contending that evidence used against him was unconstitutionally seized—and if "the state has provided an opportunity for full and fair litigation of a Fourth Amendment claim" in its own trial and appeal process. Writing for the majority, Lewis Powell argued that the exclusionary rule barring the use of such evidence is not aimed at helping defendants but at deterring police from making improper searches. State courts can adequately enforce that purpose, said Powell. He specifically cited the high court's growing trust in the ability of state courts to apply federal constitutional principles.

Dissenter William Brennan was less sanguine. He argued that "state judges popularly elected may have difficulty resisting popular pressures not experienced by federal judges [who have] lifetime tenure ... Such detached federal review is a salutary safeguard against any detention of an individual in violation of the Constitution." Brennan was also worried that the court was really getting ready to cut back on the exclusionary rule directly.

Three other decisions by the court last week showed that there was reason for his concern. Continuing its recent pattern of nibbling at the rule, the court held that evidence can be used against a defendant in a federal civil tax case even though it was originally seized illegally in an unconnected state investigation. The high bench also permitted the use as evidence of marijuana taken without a warrant from a car impounded for parking violations, and it okayed the admission of evidence found in routine searches of cars stopped at a non-customs checkpoint 66 miles from the U.S. border. Indeed, there seems a possibility that the court will eventually allow the use of any evidence seized by a policeman acting reasonably and "in good faith." Last week Warren Burger and Byron White said clearly they thought it was time to make such a ruling as soon as the right case comes along.

*Though his dissent was recorded, Thurgood Marshall was in Bethesda Naval Hospital last week after suffering a mild heart attack.



POET NTOZAKE SHANGE ONSTAGE IN HER HIT, *FOR COLORED GIRLS*

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

Trying to Be Nice

"I was always what you call a nice child," says Poet Ntozake Shange. "I did everything nice. I was the nicest and the most correct. I did my homework. I was always on time. I never got into fights. People now ask me, 'Where did all this rage come from?' And I just smile and say it's been there all the time, but I was just trying to be nice."

When she was 19, newly separated from her law-student husband, she tried to kill herself. She put her head in a gas oven, but her aunt pulled her out. Since then she has drunk a can of Drano, slashed her wrists, taken an overdose of Valium and driven her Volvo into the Pacific. Finally, at 27, she has written a "choreopoem" titled *For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/ When the Rainbow Is Enuf* (TIME, June 14). She felt it would be criticized as "too emotional, too colored and too female." Instead, it is the sleeper hit of the off-Broadway season and will probably move to Broadway in the fall.

Shange's choreopoem presents seven brightly dressed black women, including the author herself, on a barren stage. Barefoot, they weave and bob around like sisters at a revival meeting. Each one has a tale to tell—about rape or abortion, about being duped by a scheming man, about being poor and miserable in the streets of Harlem. "There are certain kinds of emotional pain that make me feel horrible," Shange told TIME's Jean Valley. "I ache. I feel like I have these terrible hot rods in my arm. When I'm in that particular

pain and despair I don't have any hope, any sense of the morning. I want to get out of my body. Like in my poem, which says I want to jump right out of my bones and be done with myself. I meant that literally. Death could not be worse."

Like a Lion. She pauses and sips a glass of white wine. She chain-smokes. She is a handsome woman with big brown eyes, hair closely cropped and a straw hat on top of a patterned scarf. There are two long earrings in each ear, and one nostril is pierced. Five years ago, to cast off her middle-class upbringing, she outfitted herself with Zulu names. Ntozake literally means "She who comes with her own thing," and Shange means "One who walks like a lion." She was born Paulette Williams, and "named after my father because he wanted a boy." Her father is a wealthy surgeon in Lawrenceville, N.J., her mother a psychiatric social worker. They gave her violin lessons, and there were poetry readings at dinner. "I thought writing stories and Sunday afternoon music was what you grew up to do," says Shange. When she was eight and the family lived in St. Louis, she was bused to a previously all-white school. "I was not prepared for it. I was rich and somewhat protected. Now I was being harassed and chased around by these white kids. My parents were busy being proud."

She went to Barnard, then earned a master's degree at the University of Southern California, but the money from home stopped when she was 21, and so she learned more directly what ghetto

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

life is like. One of the most powerful poems in *Colored Girls*, a tale of a sadistic black man and his defiant mistress, is called *A Nite with Beau Willie Brown* and was written in a Harlem boardinghouse. Explains Shange: "It was hot. I was broke. I didn't have enough money for a subway token. I was miserable. The man in the next room was beating up his old lady. It went on for hours and hours. She was screaming. He was laughing. Every time he hit her I would think, yeah, man, well that had already happened to me. So I sat down and wrote *Beau Willie*. All my anger came out."

As Shange grew as a poet, she invited several black women to join her in dancing and acting out her poems. The group put together the poetry-dance numbers of *Colored Girls* and began performing in bars in San Francisco and New York. In Manhattan, Theater Impresario Joe Papp saw the act and booked it into his Public Theater. Shange is now at work on more poetry, notably a new theater piece commissioned by Papp. Says she: "It's a study of cruelty. It is about abused visions, misused love." Most important, she thinks she is finally winning the personal battle expressed poignantly in *Colored Girls*. "Ever since I realized there was someone callin' a colored girl an evil woman a bitch or a nag, I been tryin' not to be that & leave bitterness in somebody else's cup."

MARSH & GILLARD OUTSIDE WHITE HOUSE



Viewpoint: Lobster-to-Mints Bore

It is an article of faith among television people that what the medium does best is cover actuality live, from beginning to end. Sometimes, though, the results are not quite what was planned. The Public Broadcasting Service's soup-to-nuts (or, more accurately, lobster-to-mints) coverage of last week's White House dinner for Queen Elizabeth allowed the average American a singular opportunity to feel for himself the exquisite pain of the pointless state occasion, an agony of boredom heretofore reserved for the powerful and the well-born. There was perhaps something salutary about the 4½-hour experience but it is doubtful that any sane soul can care to repeat it.

An hour into *A State Dinner for Queen Elizabeth II*, one began to long for the mediating talents of a good film editor working up a show of highlights, which would have lasted about two minutes. To be sure, PBS was operating under restraints. It had been forbidden to show the guests gulping and gnawing, leaving it with more than an hour-long hole right in the middle of the program, which it chose to fill with innocuous studies of the British monarchy's past and future. At times, the severe White House restrictions on camera placement left viewers with the suspicion that the show had been staged by Andy Warhol. Finally, PBS could obviously do nothing about the choice of a tired and tedious Bob Hope and the Captain & Tennille, slicked-up country singers, as postprandial entertainment.

Surprisingly Tart. In the circumstances, the on-camera people—excepting a resolutely benign BBC royalist named Frank Gillard—were surprisingly tart. Low-profile Anchor Man Robert MacNeil thought the toasts banal even by the dull standards pertaining to events of this sort; Cooking Expert Julia Child—her usual bubbling self as she nibbled and chatted with White House Chef Henry Haller—let fly publicly at the undignified quality of the showfolks' contributions; and *Upstairs, Downstairs'* Jean Marsh took politely dim views of everything from American vegetables to the institution of monarchy. The PBS cameras, fighting through the *longueurs* of the event and the difficulties imposed by protocol, did manage to make a couple of nice observations. They disclosed that in unguarded moments, the Queen has a truly sweet, curiously girlish smile. They also showed that the only glamorous male present, Cary Grant, can look as forlorn and out of it as any mere mortal when no one is paying any attention to him at a party. Such brief privileged moments, however, were not worth the network's trouble. Doubtless it will think twice before inviting itself to another White House party.

Richard Schickel

MILESTONES

Died. Daniel Gearhart, 34, convicted mercenary from Kensington, Md., who served three days with defeated anti-Communist forces in the Angolan civil war last year. Gearhart, along with three Britons, was executed in Angola, following a "war crimes" trial of 13 white mercenaries, in spite of pleas for the condemned by President Gerald Ford and Queen Elizabeth.

Died. Arnold Gingrich, 72, longtime editor and publisher of *Esquire* magazine; of cancer; in Ridgewood, N.J. A former advertising copywriter, Gingrich became *Esquire's* founding editor in 1933 and developed the success formula for the nation's first modern "man's magazine": slightly risqué cartoons, articles about sports and politics and polished short stories by such topflight authors as Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Thomas Wolfe. Gingrich resigned in 1945. Returning to a floundering magazine in 1952 as its publisher, he hired some freewheeling young editors and gave the magazine its characteristic bold, jaunty tone.

Died. Thomas Austin Yawkey, 73, benevolently paternalistic owner of the Boston Red Sox; of leukemia; in Boston. Yawkey, heir to a timber and mining fortune, bought the moribund Sox in 1933 and over the years spent lavishly to acquire such top players as Joe Cronin, Jimmy Foxx, Ted Williams, Carl Yastrzemski and most recently Oakland's Joe Rudi and Rollie Fingers (the sale of their contracts was nullified by Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn). So generously treated that they were nicknamed the Gold Sox, the team never won a World Series for Yawkey but did take three American League pennants (in 1946, 1967, 1975), last year coming within a hairbreadth of winning one of baseball's most thrilling series.

Died. Chu Teh, 90, legendary commander of China's Red Army during the '30s and '40s; in Peking. Chu Teh studied at the Yunnan Military Academy and in 1922 went to Berlin to study Marxism; there he met Chou En-lai and joined the Chinese Communist Party. Back in China, he joined forces in 1928 with Mao Tse-tung, who was organizing the Red Fourth Army. Chu Teh led the 6,000-mile Long March to Shensi province to avoid destruction by Chiang Kai-shek and was Mao's field commander in the successful struggle against the Nationalist armies in 1946-49. A political moderate, during the 1966-67 Great Cultural Proletarian Revolution Chu Teh was attacked as a "big ruffian." He was titular head of state for the past 19 months and received China's foreign visitors after Mao's health failed last month.



PRICES

A Run-Up in Raw Materials

One of the baleful aspects of the industrial world's quickening economic upturn is the possibility of a resurgence of global inflation. That worry dominated the recent conference of President Ford and heads of government of six other industrial nations in Puerto Rico (TIME, July 12). One reason for their concern: an ominous new rise in the prices of industrial and agricultural raw materials, which, among other things, is making the morning cup of coffee an inflationary drink.

The skyrocketing cost of iron ore, copper, fibers, foodstuffs and other non-oil commodities contributed more than anything else to the devastating double-digit inflation of 1973-74. Commodity prices plummeted during the recent world recession, but now they are bouncing up again more rapidly than had been generally anticipated. Emile van Lennep, secretary-general of the Paris-based Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, warns in cautious economist's jargon that "the surprisingly early recovery of some commodity prices could presage a new outbreak of speculative price rises and pose a serious threat to the sustainability of the present economic recovery."

Frost-Struck. To be sure, the increases are not yet anywhere near as dizzying as those of 1973, when some prices quadrupled. But there is cause for concern. One closely watched index of prices of 13 industrial raw materials, published weekly by the *Economist* of London (and calculated in dollars), has risen 34% since last November. Quotations on the London commodity markets, which determine prices for many international transactions, are somewhat overstated since they are expressed in sterling and the pound has been rising sharply in value. Even so, they are worrisome. Some examples: the sterling price of copper wire bars has jumped 83% above its 1975 low, zinc 44%, nickel 61%, tin 53%, cocoa 161%. In the U.S., soybean futures prices rose 13 cents, to \$7.20 a bushel, last week on the strength of rumors of possible large sales to the Soviet Union and China. A recent Common Market economic report notes that the rise in spot commodity prices makes it unlikely that Europe's inflation rates will continue to decline. The dangers are greatest for countries with weak currencies.

To Americans, the most visible and immediately distressing price spiral undoubtedly is the one in coffee. Contracts for future purchases of coffee beans have recently been selling at an astonishing

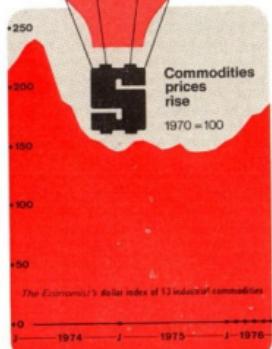
304% higher than the 1975 lows; in some New York stores the retail price of coffee has hit \$2.29 per lb., up from \$1.79 a year ago. The principal cause is a crippling frost that in July 1975 killed or severely damaged an estimated 70% of Brazil's coffee trees. The frost struck after most of the 1975 crop had been harvested, so it did not cut exports immediately, but now the impact of the shortage has hit. It will continue to be felt for quite a while too, since newly planted coffee trees take three years to come into production, and output in other countries, such as Colombia, cannot make up for the losses in Brazil.

The coffee case, however, is a special one: stockpiles of many other commodities are still high. Their prices are rising not because of supply shortages but as a result of the fairly speedy recovery of industrial production in the U.S., Europe and Japan, which is pumping up factory demand for raw materials. There are also early signs that speculators seeking to make a killing are magnifying the increases. Two months ago, the London Metal Exchange signaled concern about speculation by calling for a voluntary freeze on all purchases of zinc by nonindustrial buyers.

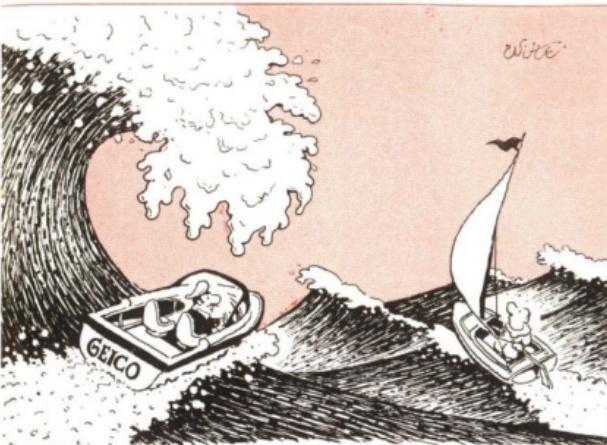
Notable Laggards. Most experts still do not foresee a repetition of the commodity price explosion of 1973-74. Then, the economies of major industrial states were all booming at the same time. Today the recovery is sufficiently uneven—Britain and Italy are notable laggards—to prevent the kind of frantic scramble for raw materials that went on three years ago. In addition, many commodity producers are still operating well below capacity and have room to expand output to fill demand. For example, production in copper-mining countries has been running about 15% below normal levels for more than a year.

Moreover, there is a fragile, but growing consensus among both consuming and producing nations that a strengthening of the system of agreements on price ranges for commodities is necessary to maintain stability. The U.S., for example, once the staunchest supporter of a free market for commodities, recently decided for the first time to participate in the latest five-year international tin-pricing agreement. The U.S. also is leaning toward negotiating accords on several other raw materials. Despite these hopeful signs, however, the current rise in commodity prices is an unnerving reminder that the industrial world's recovery could conceivably self-destruct by going too fast.

INFLATIONARY OMEN



1976 Chart: The Dutectors Inc.



"My insurance company? I am an insurance company. Why?"

INSURANCE

GEICO at the Brink

Once upon a quite recent time, the staid insurance industry had a Cinderella firm called Government Employees Insurance Co. (GEICO). By charging low premium rates, GEICO skipped past older firms to become the fifth largest auto insurer in the land. Investors from far and wide flocked to buy a piece of GEICO, bidding its stock up to more than \$60 a share. Then Cinderella turned into a pumpkin.

Today GEICO stock is selling at about \$2.50 and the company is on the brink of bankruptcy. A GEICO crash would be costly to the company's 2.8 million policyholders in 25 states, who would lose some of the \$660 million a year they have been paying GEICO in premiums, and to other insurers, who would have to take over payment of claims against GEICO. The company has lost \$150 million since the start of 1975. Worse, Maximilian Wallach, Superintendent of Insurance in Washington, D.C., where GEICO is headquartered, seems to be failing in a rescue attempt.

Costly Pullout. For weeks Wallach has been phoning executives of other insurance companies to persuade them to reimburse 40% of GEICO's policies and pay GEICO \$26 million in cash commissions in return for a share of future premium income. He also sought their agreement to buy whatever part of a planned \$75 million offering of GEICO

convertible preferred stock the company's present shareholders do not purchase (shareholders must approve the offering at a meeting next week). By late June, Wallach had rounded up enough pledges to put off a deadline he had once set for moving to have GEICO declared bankrupt.

But last week State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Co., the nation's largest auto insurer, withdrew its offer to reinsurance 6% of GEICO's policies. State Farm had warned Wallach that it would carry out the agreement only if other insurers agreed to reinsurance 34% of GEICO's policies by June 30. With State Farm out, it is now doubtful that other insurers can be persuaded to pump enough cash into GEICO to keep the company alive. GEICO directors are planning to offer 300,000 shares of senior preferred stock (which would have first priority on any future dividends) in case the \$75 million convertible preferred issue does not sell, but who might want to buy the senior preferred—and why—is open to question.

How did GEICO get into such a mess? Founded in Texas in 1936, GEICO from the start sold policies directly to customers. By doing without agents it was able to set premiums as much as 25% below what competitors charged. Initially, too, it insured only federal, state and municipal government employees—a re-

sponsible, low-risk group. So it was one of the very few insurers that actually made a profit on underwriting (premium income matched against claims payments) as well as on investments.

Later, GEICO sold insurance to just about anybody, and for a while underwriting profits continued. During the rapid inflation of the early '70s, however, the costs of automobile parts and medical care—two chief items in claims against GEICO—rose even faster than prices generally. GEICO lagged in raising premium rates and failed to set up adequate reserves to pay claims. In 1974 GEICO squeezed out a \$26 million overall profit, but in 1975 it plunged \$125 million into the red.

Backstop Scheme. Some insurance officials feel that D.C. Superintendent Wallach let the situation drift too long before taking action. Says one executive: "It's inconceivable that a company of GEICO's size could run up such a loss in one year without Wallach saying 'Hey, fellas, what's going on here?'" In May GEICO directors ousted Chairman Norman L. Giddens, 59, New Chairman John J. Byrne, 44, has pulled GEICO out of New Jersey—a dismally unprofitable state—and pledged to trim by 20% the 2.4 million auto policies in force (there are 400,000 homeowner policies too). Byrne is also eager to get rate increases wherever possible; even before his arrival, GEICO had won a 40% increase in New York.

IF GEICO should nonetheless go under, policyholders would have from 30 to 60 days, depending on their state, to find another insurer. Most would lose some part of the premiums they have already paid to GEICO. Claims against GEICO would be paid out of state-run insurance guaranty funds, which are empowered to assess other insurance companies up to 2% of their premium income. Those companies would then divide GEICO's assets—if any were left.

Since insurers are far from eager to be assessed to pay GEICO's claims, they may yet band together to save the company. Wallach and GEICO officials could conceivably soon decide to consider the reinsurance scheme a success if only 30% of the premiums are taken over. There is also a slim chance that the D.C. Department of Insurance may exercise its legal right to take over management of GEICO, though Wallach has not yet suggested it. Whatever happens, the fiasco could well rekindle congressional interest in setting up a federal body to insure insurers the way the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. guarantees the safety of bank deposits. Efforts to set up such a backstopping scheme have never made much headway, but the largest failure in insurance history—or even a cliff-hanging escape—would dramatize the need as nothing else has done.



CARTER HANDLING HIS FAVORITE CROP

AGRICULTURE

Costly Peanut Plenty

For Jimmy Carter, the road to national political pre-eminence has been paved with peanuts. The Carter family's peanut farming and warehousing operation has provided the all-but-certain Democratic nominee with the money and time to pursue his phenomenally successful political career. At the same time, Carter's name has drawn more attention than any other—with the arguable exceptions of Planters and Skippy—to the peanut industry. It is big, modern, and thriving as never before, partly at public expense.

Peanuts today provide a livelihood to 60,000 farmers on 1.6 million acres scattered through such states as Texas, Alabama, North Carolina, Virginia—and above all, Georgia. The peanut plant is hardy enough not to require intense care, but it grows best in sandy soil. Georgia has that, and its farmers seem to have a natural flair for peanuts; anyway, the state produces almost 44% of the total U.S. crop.

Glass Jars. Peanut farming has become a highly mechanized business. Beginning in late April, mechanical planters insert seed peanuts into the soil. Though many city dwellers may think peanuts grow inside glass jars, they actually burrow underground, like potatoes. Four or five months after planting, a machine called a "digger-shaker-inverter" trundles over the field cutting under the plant, lifting it from the soil, shaking off clinging dirt and placing it back on the ground to allow the peanut pods to dry partially. Finally, a peanut combine picks up the plants and separates the mature pods.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

In each of the past six years, Georgia farmers have raised their yield per acre to a record (1975 figure: 3,320 lbs.). The total U.S. crop last year was almost 4 billion lbs., up nearly a billion pounds from 1970. About 40% of the crop that is used for food is made into peanut butter; the rest is divided among candy bars, snacks or cooking oil. Some peanuts are even crushed into feed for pigs.

Campaign Issue. Carter's operation is about average-sized. On 241 acres, he grows seed peanuts, all of which are sold to other farmers. His warehousing business buys peanuts from other farmers for sale to manufacturers. Nonetheless, Carter's business has become a potential campaign issue. The reason: an anachronistic price-support program that insulates peanut farmers from market risks and enables them to profit at the expense of the public purse.

Carter does not directly participate in the price-support program: the only Government check related to peanuts that his family received last year was \$700 for storage fees. Indirectly, though, his business benefits from the general largesse scattered among peanut farmers by the fact that peanuts are the last food crop still under price supports—and Republicans, prominently including Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz, have threatened to make that a talking point in the campaign.

Government help has two aspects. First, import controls effectively bar processors from buying peanuts from such other countries as India and Brazil. More important, farmers can legally grow peanuts only on Government-set acreage allotments—and any peanuts that processors do not want to buy can, in effect, be sold to the Government at artificially high prices. This year's support price, scheduled to be announced next month, is expected to go as high as \$415 a ton, v. a world price of \$250. Each year the Government buys up huge amounts of peanuts; last year it purchased about 30% of the entire crop. This crop year, the Government's support operation has cost taxpayers \$200 million directly, plus many millions more in high prices for peanut products (the average retail price of a 12-oz. jar of peanut butter jumped from \$4.7c in 1973 to 70.4c in 1975).

Butz and others have been pressing to plow under the peanut program. To head off that eventuality, Representative Dawson Mathis of Georgia has recently introduced a compromise bill that would reduce acreage allotments by 22.5% and pare support prices slightly. The showdown could come next year when Congress votes on a new general agriculture bill. If the nation's best-known peanut farmer—who has indicated that he favors lower price supports—is then occupying the White House, it will be interesting to see what recommendations come from the Oval Office.

CORPORATIONS

Retreat from Tomorrow

One of the most pressing U.S. problems is mass transit—so it might seem that a company with plans for speeding the movement of people from home to office was well positioned to prosper. Not so: when inflation and recession struck, city fathers and taxpayers rebelled against any projects that did not seem absolutely essential. Among companies caught with unfulfillable dreams of tomorrow, none has suffered more than Rohr Industries, Inc. of Chula Vista, Calif.

During the early 1970s, executives of Rohr, primarily an aerospace subcontractor, boasted that they would help rebuild the nation's surface transportation system. They planned futuristic trains, air cushions and people-movers (transmission belts carrying people rather than baggage). With equal enthusiasm, they spoke of new vistas in space communications and automated mail systems. It added up to a grand adventure into uncharted terrain—a bit too grand.

No More People-Movers. For a time, Rohr sold enough vehicles to long-planned transit systems to push sales to nearly half a billion dollars last fiscal year. Nonetheless, it reported a \$7 million loss, its first in 15 years. That was followed by a deficit of \$47 million for the first nine months of fiscal 1976, which ended May 2. The company has suspended all dividend payments and is asking 18 banks and insurance companies to work out a new credit agreement (the lenders have already waived most provisions of a \$110 million long-term loan). Meanwhile, the company is in full retreat from tomorrow. It plans to shut down or sell off all of its money-losing operations. Among other things, it will stop building monorails and magnetically propelled people-movers for shopping centers and amusement parks, tur-

LIGHTWEIGHT CARS BEING BUILT BY ROHR



bine-powered trains for Amtrak and computer-driven cars for city subway systems.

What went wrong? Just about everything. Rohr, says one analyst who follows the company, "tried to do too much too fast." It underestimated the cost of new vehicles and spent more than it could afford—about \$15 million in the past three years—on research and development of its dream vehicles and other new products. The 1974-75 recession wiped out orders just when the company desperately needed an influx of new business to cover development costs (its high sales came from longstanding orders). In addition, Rohr got into disputes with customers over the quality of those vehicles it did sell. San Francisco's BART is suing Rohr and 17 other companies for \$145 million, alleging poor performance of 450 cars, and disagreements are developing with Washington's Metro over more than 70 cars delivered to that new subway system (out of 300 ordered).

Buyers Needed. Last November, Bert Raynes, the man who took Rohr into the grand adventure, stepped aside as chief executive; three months later he also quit as chairman. His successor: Fred Garry, 54, a former General Electric engineer who was brought into the company as president in 1974. Besides withdrawing from futuristic projects, Garry plans to push for more military contracts and concentrate on aircraft-related business, which still accounts for two-thirds of Rohr's sales. The company builds pods and other jet parts for all major aircraft manufacturers and has good prospects of landing orders for developmental work on new Navy ships. Garry's most pressing task, however, is to persuade lenders to give Rohr more time to raise needed cash by finding buyers for its ill-fated ventures. If Rohr cannot complete an orderly retreat from the future of mass transit, its own future may have vanished.

INDUSTRIES FOR D.C. SUBWAY SYSTEM



TITILLATING DISPLAY AT MAY CO. DEPARTMENT STORE IN LOS ANGELES

ADVERTISING

Wild Windows

The mannequins in department-store windows traditionally are posed in attitudes of stiff propriety. But a countertrend is under way at some fashionable stores, spurred by young window dressers who group their figures to enact little immobile dramas of sex, bizarre fantasy, even suicide—just about anything that will make a jaded passer-by stop and look. Explains Candy Pratts, 26-year-old window designer for Bloomingdale's in New York: "You've got to reach anybody who walks by and zap 'em."

At times the displays get risqué. Example: a series of windows at Los Angeles' May Co. department stores designed by Artist Peter Shyne, supposedly to "illustrate the possibilities of a California vacation." One window showed a beach scene in which a mannequin looking like Telly Savalas triumphantly brandished a bikini top belonging to a female mannequin who had her back discreetly turned. Another window showed a man dressed only in brief shorts at a sink and a woman in panties and bra. The implication was that they had just climbed out of bed and were packing for an illicit trip together. A current window at New York's Henri Bendel even hints at lesbianism. It shows a woman in a revealing nightgown in a passive, almost embarrassed stance; another woman in a longer gown leans over her shoulder in an aggressive posture.

Weird Display. Sex, however, is far from the only theme of the new theater of the bazaar. One Bendel window showed a woman gone mad, clawing at the walls. Another scene had several women staring at an apparent suicide surrounded by pill bottles. Occasionally everyday realism makes an appearance. One Candy Pratts kitchen scene for Bloomingdale's featured a real smashed

raw egg on the floor, which had to be sponged up every night.

Whatever may be thought of them as art, the startling window displays fulfill their commercial function: they do prompt people not only to stop and look but come into the store and buy. A sequence of windows in a Manhattan boutique named San Francisco depicted the suicide of a lovesick heiress: the first window showed her talking on the telephone in the stateroom of her private yacht, surrounded by bottles of liquor and sleeping pills; later ones displayed newspaper headlines telling of her death. The heiress was wearing a silk blouse priced at \$125: the store swiftly sold out its entire stock of the blouses.

Such success has inured window designers and their bosses to the inevitable complaints. Mary Avant, designer for Foley's department store in Houston, put together a weird display called "Black Magic": two male mannequins in black jockey shorts, four females in black evening wear. All the figures were spray-painted black and had limbs suspended apart from the torsos. "A little old lady came in and screamed, 'Oh, God, how horrifying!'" relates Avant. The store manager shrugged off the protest: two days later Foley's had no more of the garments to sell.

SWITZERLAND

Prosperous Recession

Except perhaps for gold, no monetary asset has quite the mystique of the Swiss franc. Since 1970, it has gained 74% in value against the dollar, more than 130% against the British pound and Italian lira, and even 23% compared with the almighty West German mark. The franc's strength is usually attributed to Switzerland's social and political stability and its reputation as a haven for funds of all sorts. Recently, the value of

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

The Swiss franc has also been boosted by some economic successes that are the envy of most other nations.

Switzerland's inflation rate over the past year, for example, has been only 1.2%. Since January, consumer prices have actually declined. In spite of widespread fears that the rise in the franc would hurt exports by making them more expensive to foreign buyers, the country has amassed its first trade surplus in memory: \$103 million in the first five months of this year. And unemployment stands at all of 9%.

How have the Swiss done it? Partly—and paradoxically—by going through a recession that, according to some measures, was the worst in any industrialized nation. Switzerland's real output of goods and services last year dropped 7%, compared with declines of 2% in the U.S. and 2.5% in the nine-nation European Community. This year real gross national product is expected to rise

"Even so, a recent study by the Union Bank of Switzerland shows that the Swiss now enjoy the highest gross national product per capita of any industrialized nation: \$8,740. Sweden, Norway and Denmark follow; the U.S. is fourth at \$7,620.

about 2% in Switzerland, v. 6% or more in the U.S., West Germany and France. Bankruptcies have increased, and some of the country's largest companies, including Alusuisse (aluminum) and Société Suisse pour l'Industrie Horlogère (watches), ended last year in the red.

The Swiss kept the jobless rate so low by concentrating layoffs among migrant workers. Some 110,000 migrants, mostly Italians, went home last year. "To put it crudely, our unemployment is being felt in Italy," says Hans Mast, economic adviser to Credit Suisse, a big bank. Switzerland's strengthened trade position, in the view of government financial officials, is a fluke attributable to the recession. Exports fell 5.4% in 1975, but imports dropped 20%. In order to keep their markets, many exporters had to cut prices, thus reducing their profits.

The Gap. The strength of the franc has helped the fight against inflation by making imports cheaper. Labor unions have also shown restraint in wage demands. The recession helped to hold prices down, also, by lowering demand.

While the rise in the franc has given

en Switzerland a reputation among tourists for high prices, the gap is gradually being narrowed by the absence of inflation. Vacationers are pleasantly surprised to find that the prices of hotels and ski-lift tickets have stayed the same from one season to the next. Last month Swiss newspapers carried full-page ads that seemed unreal to foreigners: because of the recent rise in the franc, the prices of some Japanese cars were being cut by anywhere from \$80 to \$400.

Despite the clear benefits of a strong currency, the Swiss government is convinced that the country's export industries cannot absorb any further rise in the franc for the time being. But stopping the climb is not easy. A barrage of measures taken so far has not been very effective. In the first five months of this year, the National Bank had to buy \$3.4 billion in foreign currencies (mostly dollars) to hold the franc down. National Bank President Fritz Leutwiler has traveled extensively in the Middle East to ask oil producers not to place surpluses in Swiss currency. Yet whether these moves can take the glitter off the Swiss franc is still an open question.

PERSONALITY

South Korea's \$500 Million Man

Like the name of Rockefeller in the U.S., that of Byung Chull Lee means wealth in South Korea. Now 66, Lee has amassed his nation's largest personal fortune—some \$500 million, or enough to put him in the same league with Karim Aga Khan, Nelson Bunker Hunt and Christina Onassis. He made every penny of it himself, building such a profitable group of diverse companies that Korean businessmen say he has a "golden touch." They also view him with fear: Lee does not gladly suffer critics or competitors.

Only his habit of chain smoking suggests the fierceness within. Outwardly, "B.C." is mild-mannered and looks a bit professorial behind gold-rimmed spectacles. He clearly enjoys wealth. His home is a palatial retreat 25 miles south of Seoul, set amid 1,200 acres of landscaped gardens and lawns where peacocks strut. Lee also has a world famous collection of ancient Korean pottery and—the ultimate sign of luxury—a fine disdain for the Korean chore of entertaining visiting businessmen. His greatest pleasure, he says, comes in meeting "the challenge" of making money.

B.C. first faced that challenge in 1935. The son of a Confucian scholar, he had just left a Japanese college (Korea was then part of the Japanese empire). He started a tiny rice-cleaning plant in the sleepy southern city of Masan. Noting that all his competitors made deliveries by slow ox carts, Lee bought a truck—and soon left the competition in his

dust, he recalls, "howling blue murder."

Other coups followed as B.C. moved into real estate speculation and sake brewing. In 1952, he decided that South Korea "could only prosper through trade." He set up his Samsung (Three Star) export-import company to do just that, and the firm quickly provided profits that Lee shrewdly invested in other ventures. Now Samsung is the umbrella of a 17-company conglomerate that includes Seoul's finest department store, one of its largest newspapers, a group of sugar refineries, paper factories and an electronics firm. Together they rang up sales of \$731.9 million last year.

The key to Lee's success is an iron demand for efficiency. A decade ago, B.C. shocked family-conscious Koreans by abruptly firing two of his three sons who were Samsung managers. "They were not fit to hold executive positions," he explains. "The life of a man is short, but that of a corporation must never be." To keep his companies healthy, Lee keeps them lean. When he started the afternoon newspaper *Joongang Ilbo* (current circ. 680,000) in 1965, he built up a talented staff of 1,400. Today *Joongang* has expanded into radio and TV, but still employs only 1,400 people.

Lee insists that he now avoids politics, having settled earlier disputes with Strongman President Park Chung Hee. His entire interest is business. He spends months picking his top executives, then



LEE ENJOYING POTTERY COLLECTION

gives them a relatively free hand—though keeping a steely eye on them nonetheless. B.C. arrives at his downtown Seoul office at 9 a.m. sharp, ready to meet with his executives in exhaustive planning sessions. Twice a week he breaks the routine and plays golf. Lee returns to his palace, pottery and peacocks by 5 p.m. He usually dines alone, then plots new ways to increase his wealth. Preferring the glitter of Seoul, his wife, eight children and 20 grandchildren live apart from Korea's richest man.

Of all filter kings:

Nobody's lower than Carlton.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.

Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	27	1.7
Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Non-Filter	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	*2	*0.2
Carlton Menthol	*2	*0.2
Carlton 70	*1	*0.1

(lowest of all brands)

*Av per cigarette by FTC method

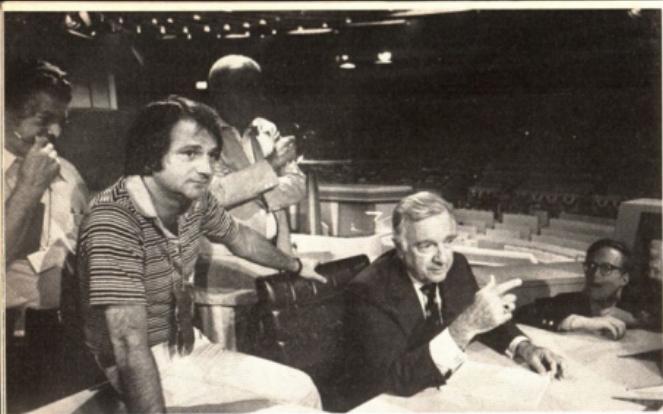
No wonder Carlton is the fastest growing of the top 25 brands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Carlton Filter and Menthol: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine.

Carlton 70's: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



WALTER CRONKITE & HIS CBS PRODUCERS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

The Tedium Is the Message

One evening this week, as delegates to the Democratic National Convention work out the party's platform over prime-time television, as many as 60 million Americans will be riveted to their sets. Most of those citizens, however, will not be watching democracy in action at Madison Square Garden, but the Major League All-Stars in action at Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia. The three major networks will together be spending more than \$12 million to win viewers to their convention coverage this week, but that event promises to be TV's

biggest white elephant (or donkey) since —well, since the 1972 conventions.

Part of the problem is Jimmy Carter, whose early capture of the Democratic presidential nomination removed virtually all suspense from the convention, except perhaps for the vice-presidential selection. Another reason will be ABC's offer of an alternative. Since 1968, the network has rejected gavel-to-gavel coverage in favor of a couple of hours of filmed and taped highlights and late-night live action. "Edited coverage," network officials call that abbreviated

schedule, and at the last Democratic convention it paid off well. While CBS and NBC were carrying the usual speeches, floor demonstrations and mid-aisle interviews, ABC won half again as many viewers as either competitor by showing such drivel as *The Mod Squad*, *The Super* and *Corner Bar*. Despite that lead, ABC trailed the other networks in ratings during the late-evening hours, when all three focused on the convention: NBC won 8.2% of TV households, v. 7.5% for CBS and 4.5% for ABC.

This year that gap could be closed. Viewers have a tendency to stay tuned for the news and public affairs offerings of whatever network they are already watching, and ABC's prime-time preconvention lineup this week is more flashily apolitical than ever: *Bionic Woman*, *Let's Make a Deal*, *Wild, Wild World of Animals*—as well as the All-Star Game.

ABC officials vehemently deny that their selective coverage is motivated by hunger for higher ratings. "It's about time the conventions were covered like a news story, not a pageant," says Walter J. Pfister Jr., vice president for special television news programs. "We try to cover the convention the way you would edit a newspaper." For viewers who recall the long-winded platform debates and seconding speeches of previous conventions, that approach makes good sense.

Rival television journalists, howev-

NEWSWATCH/THOMAS GRIFFITH

Fear and Loathing and Ripping Off

If your news comes to you only from radio, television and the daily papers, there is a lot of news—or news so-called—that you may not have heard about. Did you know, as the *National Enquirer* reports, that a girl had a secret romance with Bobby Kennedy in the summers of 1948 and 1949? "My world fell apart," Joan Winmill Brown told the *Enquirer*. "I had two nervous breakdowns, lived on drugs—even contemplated suicide." This kind of journalism has a lineage in England and America going back to scandal sheets for scullery maids. However bold the headlines, much that appears is a souped-up version of news already in the public domain. But you knew that already, didn't you? How much should you trust similarly sensational news stories about the Kennedys or the CIA that turn up in rock journals, underground papers, skin magazines and other new frontiers of enterprising journalism?

The basic rule surely ought to be: Measure what to believe by where you read it. You really can't demand re-

liability or balance about public affairs, only shock and cynicism and liveliness, in magazines whose editors are more skilled at judging acid-rock groups. Or in magazines whose editors primarily compete for the latest angle of audacity in photographing naked girls. Still, solemnity isn't the only test of good journalism: more conventional papers and magazines are often incurious about some kinds of news, while journals like *Rolling Stone* and the early *Ramparts*—in quite a different league than the *Enquirer*—have at times uncovered major stories that others later had to pursue. In fact, *Rolling Stone* sets out to be a literate interpreter of the young generation.

A tone of raffish candor, meant to be ingratiating, often surrounds such performances. The master of self-proclaimed raffishness is Hunter S. Thompson, 39, *Rolling Stone* national affairs correspondent and the author of one book on Hell's Angels and two others with "fear and loathing" in their titles.

Since he is the best-known Pied Piper of journalistic commandos, his tune is worth listening to. He introduced his book *Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail, 72* by lovingly cataloguing the amount of beer, gin and speed his publisher had stocked his motel room with to get him to finish his manuscript in a fevered rush. The prose that follows proves that the self-styled "Dr." Thompson has a decided talent for the feigned high.

He has been at it again. Last month in *Rolling Stone*, he gave "an endorsement, with fear and loathing," to Jimmy Carter. The article takes a long time to get under way, for as he writes, his radio is describing a Cuban sought for wantonly castrating dogs in Coconut Grove, Fla. ("This is, after all, another election year, and almost everyone I talk to seems to feel we are headed for strangeness of one sort or another.") Thompson is at first judicious about this strangeness ("The evidence points both ways"), but not for long: "Jesus Christ! I'm not sure I can handle this kind of news and frantic stimulus at four o'clock in the morning—especially with a head full of speed, booze and Percodan."

Soon, to prove that he has not gone

THE PRESS

er, note that ABC will not be editing its coverage of the All-Star Game as a newspaper would, and that the whole idea of a condensed, carefully packaged convention program smacks of show business. "I think the convention is one of the grand opportunities for live television," CBS Anchor Man Walter Cronkite told *TIME*'s Sally Bedell. "We should let it unfold before our eyes and see it without the intercession of an editor's scissors." Says NBC Producer Les Crystal: "The convention should be treated as a story, not a program."

Four Horsepersons. Either way, the networks will have to hustle to hold a crowd that already knows who the winner at Madison Square Garden will be. To add some contentiousness, ABC has signed up Senator Barry Goldwater as a commentator (Senator George McGovern will play a similar role at the Republican convention). ABC already has a drawerful of short (less than four minutes), filmed feature stories on such topics as Jimmy Carter's advisers, a small-town delegate's impressions of New York City, and the nightmarish 1924 convention, for use when tedium swamps the podium. CBS has a smaller collection of prepackaged material, though for the first time the network is eschewing film for the seemingly greater immediacy of videotape.

Each of the networks has instructed its allotted quartet of floor reporters



NBC "HORSEPERSONS" MACKIN, PETTIT & HART ON CONVENTION FLOOR
Jimmy Carter meets the *Bionic Woman*.

—known among colleagues as "the four horsepersons"—to keep an eye cocked for offbeat background stories. "I'd like to explain the process by which the Democratic candidate sewed up the nomination and the party before the convention," says Tom Pettit, one of NBC's floor reporters. "Promises ABC's Ann Compton: "The delegates used to be faceless people in straw hats, but this year we're going to find out why they are voting the way they do."

*The others: Tom Brokaw, John Hart and Catherine Mackin. CBS will have Morton Dean, Roger Mudd, Dan Rather and Bob Schieffer on the floor, and ABC will field a team of Ann Compton, Sam Donaldson, Herbert Karpow and Frank Reynolds.

Some of the week's most unusual convention action may come when the dozen network floor reporters—accompanied by cameramen, relief correspondents and producers—slug it out with 3,000 other journalists and 5,000 delegates and alternates for breathing space on the claustrophobic Madison Square Garden floor (30,000 sq. ft., or about half the size of a football field). "There might be a few ripped trousers and coats. There might be a few bumps and bruises," says NBC's Pettit. Of course, some kind of action like that may be necessary to keep the nomination of a presidential candidate from being upstaged by *Bionic Woman*.

politically soft-headed, he opens up on Hubert Humphrey ("that rotten, truthless old freak" whose face he watches on TV—"this monster, this shameful electrified corpse"). What worse could

ROLLING STONE'S HUNTER S. THOMPSON

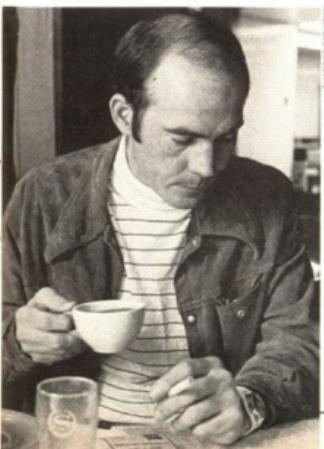
Thompson possibly say about somebody like Nixon? Don't underestimate him or the liberality of the libel laws, or the amount of vilification that a disgraced Nixon now seems required to undergo. To Dr. Thompson, Nixon in his final days was "criminally insane" and "even his closest friends and advisers were convinced ... that he was only two martinis away from [making] that final telephone call that ... would have launched enough missiles and bombers to blow the whole world off its axis."

In Jimmy Carter, Hunter Thompson has at last found his epiphany. Two years ago, suitably liquored at the time, Thompson heard Carter give an unforgettable Law Day speech in which Carter talked about abuses of criminal justice and said how much his thinking had been influenced by Reinhold Niebuhr and Bob Dylan. Ever since hearing the speech, Thompson has been hovering around the forbearing Jimmy Carter. With a tape recorder in one hand and a bottle of Wild Turkey in the other, Thompson writes, he once in private sessions got six hours of Carter on tapes, and he was impressed by the "extremely detailed precision of his answers to some of the questions that he is now ac-

cused of being either unable or unwilling to answer ... I was dealing with a candidate who had already done a massive amount of research on things like tax reform, national defense and the structure of the American political system." At last we are getting down to it!

Instead, Thompson proceeds to quote some of his own inanities and obscenities on the tape to prove that "both Carter and his wife have always been amazingly tolerant of my behavior and on one or two occasions they have had to deal with me in a noticeably bent condition." After all these detours—castrated dogs, Humphrey's face and Nixon's martinis—we wait to hear what Jimmy said during those six hours. And we are given not one sentence.

The interesting question is what the *Rolling Stone* reader makes of this. Does he think he has been ripped off? Or, since everything is a hype these days, isn't it enough that "it reads good" and is all that the reader wants to hear about politics anyway? Despite Dr. Thompson's political wise-guyism and all the macho whisky-and-drug talk, this is not opium for the masses but Dr. Pepper for the credulous.



When the heralds fanned out through ancient Greece to announce the forthcoming Games at Olympia (see BOOKS), they carried with them the proclamation of a sacred truce that extended for at least a month before and after the Olympics. Since the Games of the XXI Olympiad in Montreal have already become an arena of international acrimony second only to that other supposed citadel of world harmony, the United Nations, the time is ripe for a modern equivalent, however profane, of the sacred truce.

Last weekend the governing body of the Games, the International Olympic Committee, was so irate over a dispute between Taiwan and Canada that it threatened the ultimate sanction, canceling the entire Olympics. The issue: Taiwan's right to fly a flag with the word "China" on it. Canada, which has diplomatic relations with Peking, refused to let the Taiwan team into the country, and the athletes who were en route had to seek refuge in the U.S.

On the same afternoon, Tanzania announced that it was boycotting the Games as a gesture against *apartheid* (see following story), an action that would yank from the Games one of sport's prestige athletes, Filbert Bayi, who holds the world record for 1,500 meters. Possible too was similar action by other black African countries. One week to the day before the Olympic torch was to be borne into Montreal's stunning \$700 million stadium, the Games seemed to teeter on the

Olympic team. Long Distance Runner Garry Bjorklund, 25, lost a shoe halfway through the grinding 10,000-meter race. Spurred on by the maddening memory of a foot operation that had kept him off the 1972 U.S. Olympic team, he won an emotional barefoot sprint down the straightaway to finish third and make the squad. Madeline Manning Jackson, a 1968 gold medalist, became at 28 the first American woman to do 800 meters in less than two minutes. Running "on the Lord's behalf," Salvation Army Worker Manning hopes to shave her time of 1:59.81 down to 1:52, four seconds faster than the world record.

Some of the more remarkable feats in this year's Olympics will be performed by athletes from fitness-crazed East Germany, where sport has become a kind of state religion. East Germany won 66 medals at the 1972 summer Olympics, a performance topped only by Russia (99) and the U.S. (94). This year the East German team will advance its assault on the Olympic hegemony of the superpowers and perhaps nudge the U.S. out of second place. One reason: East Germany has never won a gold medal for women's swimming, but by the end of its Olympic trials last month, its women's team held world records in all 13 Olympic swimming events.

There is a global assortment of sentimental—as well as odds-on—favorites. Undeterred by a nasty fall this spring that knocked her unconscious and left her with a hairline vertebral fracture, Britain's Princess Anne will ride with her country's four-member equestrian team at Montreal. Her husband, Captain Mark Phillips, a member of the 1972 gold-medal team, is only an alternate this time.

Another British couple, Brother and Sister Runners Ian (5,000 meters) and Mary (1,500 meters) Stewart of Birmingham, has worked as hard as Anna and Mark. Home-town boosters raised money so that Ian, a factory em-

ployee at Birmingham Small Arms Co., and Mary, a clerk at the telephone office, could devote last month to high-altitude training at Colorado Springs, Colo.

Ethiopian fans will be rooting for Miruts Yifter, 27, a potential medalist in the 5,000- and 10,000-meter races—if he has managed to learn from his past mistakes. Yifter once misjudged the distance of an international 5,000-meter race and stopped, thinking he had crossed the finish line a winner when there was still another lap to go. Before a 5,000-meter heat at Munich, a language confusion kept him from reaching the starting line, and he was disqualified.

The grand old man of the Games will be Australian Bill Roycroft, 61, an equestrian appearing in his fifth Olympics. A wiry, gray-haired farmer from the sheep country of southern Australia, Roycroft is best remembered for his performance at the 1960 Rome Olympics. After having to be hoisted onto his horse by teammates because he had broken or dislocated his arm, shoulder and collarbone in a fall during an earlier, cross-country event, Roycroft clinched the gold medal for his team with a faultless show of jumping.

Sentimental favorites provide, of course, only the subplots of sport. Center stage is reserved for face-to-face competition between well-matched and celebrated athletes who have been addressing their lives for months—or years—to a moment of confrontation. Sometimes, even often, others win, but until the last act is over, the limelight is theirs. Five sets of such athletes, both blessed and cursed with each other's achievements, are profiled in the following pages. Four are expected to bring the Olympics moments of high drama. But barring a surprise reversal by Tanzania, the long-awaited meeting of Filbert Bayi and New Zealand's John Walker has been forced off-stage by politics. For the moment, at least, Bayi v. Walker seems more symbolic of the '76 Olympics than all the rest.

ON EDGE FOR THE GAMES

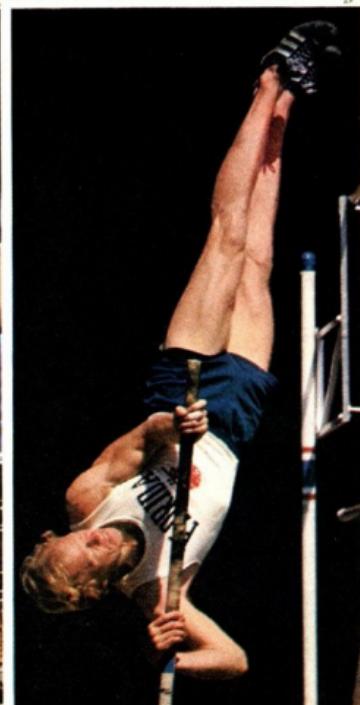
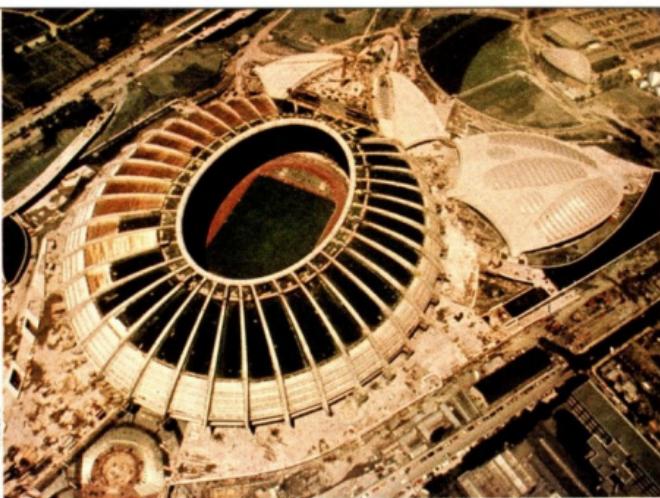
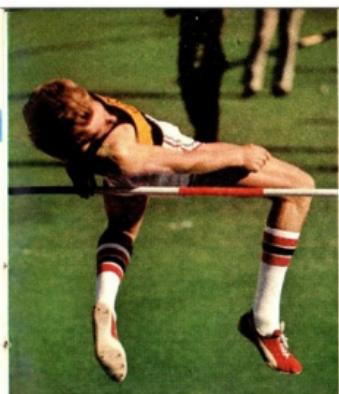
brink of breakup. C.K. Yang, coach of the Taiwan track team and silver-medal winner in the decathlon (1960), at least put the matter in a hopeful perspective. Said he: "It has been like this for many, many Olympics. I always cross my fingers and they always solve the problems."

The Olympics have become the world's biggest stage—a billion people are expected to view the spectacle on television. As long as that is true, Olympic officials admit, the oil-and-water mixing of politics and sport will continue. With the 1972 Palestinian terrorist attack on Israeli athletes at Munich all too vividly in mind, there was little criticism of the armed-camp atmosphere at Olympic sites when the 7,200 athletes and 3,000 functionaries began arriving.

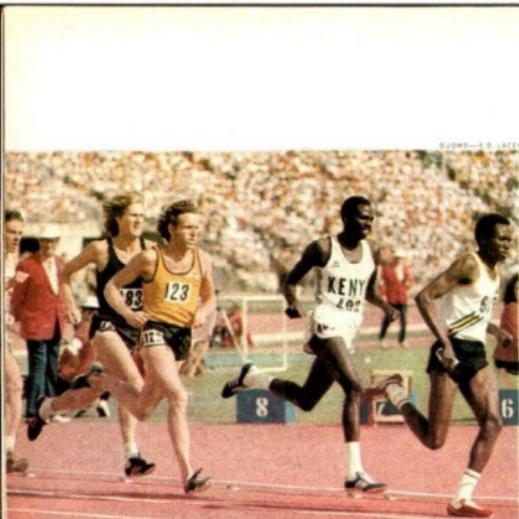
"The spirit of the athletes may take a beating," says Montreal Olympic Official William Little, "but to protect them, we are going to have to restrict their freedom of movement quite a bit." The tab for "supervision" at Montreal will exceed \$100 million—more than \$14,000 per athlete—making this the most expensive security operation in history. The police and military force totals 16,000, the largest armed body that Canada has mobilized since World War II.

One of the regrets of the political parrying that surrounds the Olympics is that it threatens to overwhelm the simpler drama of athletes straining to find—and then surpass—their physical limitations. Even if the athlete cannot shave a second off his mortality, he can at least add a moment of timeless honor to the human record.

There was ample evidence last week that the Montreal Olympics would have its share of such moments. Hurdler Wilie Davenport, 33, who was advised never to run again after he was carried off the field a year ago with a ruptured tendon in his knee, came to the U.S. trials in Eugene, Ore., spiritually and surgically renewed and won a place on his fourth



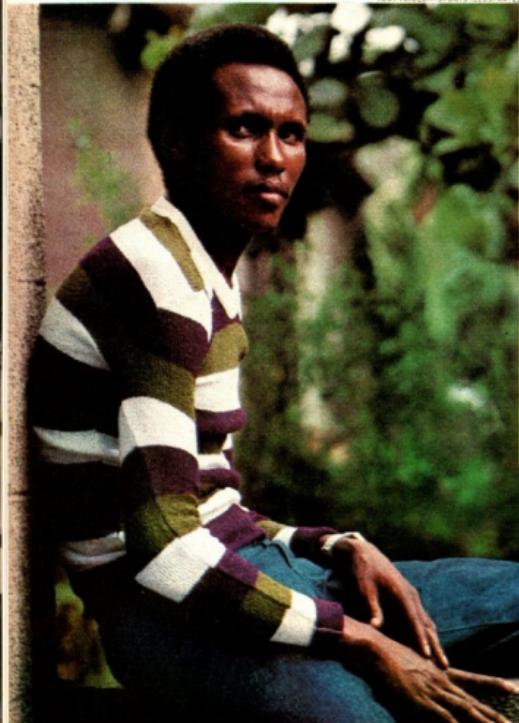
Four U.S. Olympic athletes who have
glittering hopes for gold medals: High
Jumper Dwight Stones, Marathoner Frank
Shorter, Freestyle Shirley Babashoff,
Pole Vaulter Dave Roberts. Sites: the
Olympic Stadium and the Olympic Pool.



DUGME—F. S. LAFER

They have rarely met—one of the few occasions was the 1974 Commonwealth Games (above). Once again their confrontation may not take place, but if it does, the 1,500-meter race between New Zealand's John Walker and Tanzania's Filbert Bayi could highlight the Olympics.

TONY TRIOLO—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



MARK CLARKE

THE 1,500 METERS

A MATTER OF RACE

Politics and providence permitting, one of the most memorable foot races of modern times would have been the 1,500-meter final on Saturday, July 31, the last full day of the Olympics. Tanzania's Filbert Bayi, the world record holder in the 1,500 (3:32.2), was expected to confront New Zealand's John Walker, the fastest man ever to run the slightly longer—by 120 yards—mile (3:49.4). Walker's best time in the 1,500 is only a hairbreadth two-tenths of a second off Bayi's record, set in the Commonwealth Games at Christchurch, New Zealand, in 1974.

But politics and providence have not been kind to these runners. Although Bayi (pronounced *Bye-ee*) and Walker have been scheduled to compete against each other numerous times during the past two years, the combination of malaria (Bayi's), aching Achilles' tendons (Walker's) and governments (both Bayi's and Walker's) have kept them from meeting outdoors in the 1,500 or the mile since June 1974. Again last Friday, just when their long-awaited encounter seemed certain, misfortune intervened, this time in the form of the announcement that Tanzania was withdrawing its athletes from the Olympics if New Zealand was allowed to compete. Despite the threat of an Olympic boycott by the Organization of African Unity (O.A.U.), New Zealand last month had sent its internationally esteemed "All Blacks" rugby team (a reference to the color of its uniforms, not skin) on a South African tour, a move that seemed doubly offensive to black Africans because it came shortly after the bloody rioting at Soweto. Although the O.A.U. had turned down a Tanzanian-sponsored boycott resolution earlier in the week, Dar es Salaam decided to take action on its own.

Bayi, a 23-year-old Tanzanian air force lieutenant and flight mechanic, has consistently said he would accept his government's decision about the Olympics. "Sure I want to run against Walker," Bayi said recently, "but that's not the most important thing. We have to fight against apartheid."

Such self-abnegation cannot have come easily. So intense was Bayi's desire to stave off Walker's onslaught on his record that he had been rising before dawn each morning at the Tanzanian training camp near Mount Kilimanjaro to take a brisk, eight-mile jog through the chill highlands air—at a formidable sub-six-minute-mile pace. Later in the day, after cal-

isthenics and a rest, the slightly built (5 ft. 9 in., 135 lbs.) miler would run to the point of exhaustion. Unlike the notoriously roistering Walker, Bayi does not smoke or drink, and, while training, he tucked himself chastely into bed by 8:30 p.m. He had even postponed marriage to his fiancee, who bore him a son last fall, until after the Olympics.

Walker, 24, whose training was as punishing if not as puritan as Bayi's, had been greatly relieved to learn of the Tanzanian's rigorous schedule. It dispelled the intimidating notion—popular among Bayi's competitors—that he had tapped some magical source of stamina in the upcountry of Africa that the world would never share. Unlike Bayi—who seems to glide effortlessly over the track with a feathered gait, his delicate, slender features contorted only by an occasional smile—Walker runs a noisy, grimacing race, punctuated by grunts and the thud of heavy footfalls. Part of the drama of a Bayi-Walker race, whenever and wherever it takes place, will be the sight of a front-running Mercury with Hercules at his heels.

Walker seemed more disturbed, or perhaps only more candid, than Bayi about the Tanzanian decision. "We're sportsmen," he fumed last weekend. "It's bloody crazy to make us into politicians." Then, trying to take the edge off his disappointment, he added: "The 1,500 will still be a good race. There are other good 1,500 men around." Kenya's Mike Boit, Ireland's Eamonn Coghlan and the United States' Rick Wohlhuter are indeed good 1,500 men, athletes who in any other race would rarely suffer the tag of also-rans; but to have taken a significant role in a Walker-Bayi battle they would have needed to improve considerably on their previous bests.

To beat Bayi in the 1,500, New Zealand's (6 ft. 1 in., 165 lbs.) national hero was aiming at a 3:30 time. His coach, Arch Jelley, a man not known for optimistic pronouncements, thinks Walker can still set that record. His performance the past two weeks makes the mark seem possible. Walker has been preparing for Montreal by competing ferociously in Europe. On a windy day in Oslo, he broke Michel Jazy's 2,000-meter world record by nearly five seconds (the new mark: 4:51.4). Five days later in Stockholm, he won the 1,500 meters in 3:34.2, surpassing Bayi's 3:34.8 as the year's best. What makes Walker so good? Says he: "I attribute 70% of my ability to inheritance. My father was a champion cyclist, excellent runner and good tennis player." The rest is just "grinding it out in hard slog for 21 hours a week, running when the rain sets in, being buzzed by smart bastards in cars and even, like a few months ago, ending spread-eagled [but unharmed] over the bonnet of a car that zoomed out of a driveway."

The good genes and hard slog will not be wasted at Montreal, with or without Bayi. The regret is that without Bayi, Walker may not be pressed to his ultimate under the glorious conditions that an Olympics provides.

THE 100 METERS

The race may not take 10 seconds, but at stake will be the title of World's Fastest Human. Three men in the field have equaled the world record of 9.9: Cuba's Silvio Leonard, Jamaica's Don Quarrie and a U.S. surprise, Harvey Glance, 19, a diminutive (5 ft. 7 in.) Auburn University freshman who has never competed internationally. Says Glance of his Olympic chances: "I take pressure well." So does a fourth big figure in the field, Russia's Valeri Borzov, 26, the '72 gold medal winner who has recovered from a spring leg injury. He might be worth, well, a glance.



HARVEY GLANCE



RICK WOHLHUTER

THE 800 METERS

"Unless we burn each other up in the heats," says Rick Wohlhuter, the best U.S. middle-distance man, "it will take a world record to win." The heats will be hot, but Wohlhuter may still be right, because this race has one of the strongest fields in the Olympics. Leading it are Mike Boit, winner of 15 out of 17 major races last year, Yugoslavia's Luciano Susanj, who beat Wohlhuter four times in '75 and John Walker, who is convinced his chances for two golds are good. Another entry was, alas, Filbert Bayi. And not last in the group, or least, but maybe first—Wohlhuter.

THE DECATHLON

TEN TESTS

FOR TWO

At the end of the decathlon competition at Munich four years ago, Russian Gold Medalist Nikolai Avilov was still catching his breath when a young man approached him, shook his hand and announced he would take Avilov's crown away from him at the next Olympics. "I took a good look," Avilov recalls. "Just think, a kid who had placed way down the list somewhere [tenths] threatening to beat me."

The threat was justified for the speaker was Bruce Jenner, now U.S. decathlon champion and holder of the world record since August 1975. The mark he broke was Avilov's. Last month at the U.S. Olympic trials, despite relatively weak performances in the shotput and pole vault, Jenner scored 8,538 points and broke the record again. No one else has ever topped 8,500 points. Avilov, meanwhile, has had limited competition since Munich; for a year he was without a coach, and last winter he strained a knee ligament, which slowed his training.

Avilov, 28, concedes that his Montreal face-off with Jenner, 26, will be "the toughest one of my life." A lawyer and father of a three-year-old boy, Avilov credits himself with one big advantage: the maturity of an athlete who has already conquered gold fever. Says he: "When I was a kid I dreamed of becoming an Olympic champion in something, in anything. I mean literally dreamed. I could see that little piece of gold in my hand. Now I've got it. But Jenner, he's too anxious to grab that medal away from me." Says Jenner of Avilov's composure: "He was so relaxed before the final event at Munich

that he freaked me out. I would have been in a straitjacket myself."

After six years of running in the morning, lifting weights in the evening and working on technique in between, Jenner is eager to cash in on his training. A strikingly handsome man with chestnut hair, sparkling hazel eyes and a smile toothsome bright that it seems capable of tanning his exquisitely chiseled features, Jenner believes that a gold medal would ensure him lucrative advertising offers and possibly even a movie career. And if he wins the gold, Jenner, the son of a Connecticut tree surgeon, promises not to make the same mistake as Mark Spitz: "I'll show personality."

First, Jenner must prove that his balanced performance in the ten running, throwing, and jumping events that make up the taxing, two-day decathlon contest can overcome Avilov's excellence in three. Powered by his heavily muscled legs, Avilov (6 ft. 3 in., 191 lbs.) is expected to outscore Jenner in the long jump, high jump and the 110-meter hurdles. Jenner (6 ft. 2 in., 195 lbs.), who is more supple, has an edge in the pole vault, 100 meters and 1,500 meters. The 400 meters could go to either. In the throwing events, which involve both strength and speed, the two are evenly matched.

Because of the decathlon's schedule, the duel may well provide one of the Olympics' most electric moments. Avilov could have a substantial lead (150 to 200 points) after the first day's five events, but then Jenner should come on strong. "I'll be behind for nine events—it will be that close," says Jenner. Then, last event, the 1,500, is a Jenner specialty. The question: Under the lights as the evening wears on, and after two grueling days of tension, can Jenner win his race by a big enough margin to win the gold as well?

Also decided by that time may be the second question: Who is the handsomer decathlon star? This too will be a close contest. "Have you ever seen a picture of Adam and Eve?" asks Avilov's wife Valentina, a former Olympic high jumper. "Well, Nikolai is Adam."

THE JAVELIN

COMBAT

WITH SPEARS

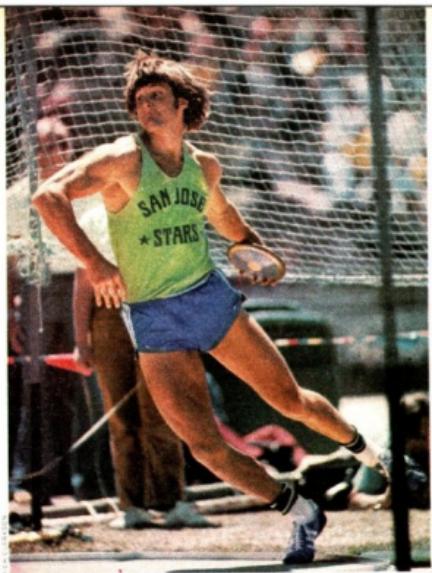
When Kathy Schmidt's parents first recognized their young daughter's exceptional athletic ability, they nurtured visions of raising a smashing tennis player or a power-hitting golfer. But always one to play her own game, Schmidt picked up a javelin at 13 and has not put it down since. In 1972, when she was 18, she threw 200 ft. 6 in. for an American record, the first of many that she set—and broke. The latest (218 ft. 3 in.) came last month at the A.A.U. championships in Los Angeles, where she outthrew her closest competitor by nearly 15 ft. The U.S. Olympic trials showed that the women's track and field team is substantially stronger than had originally been thought, but its best hope for a gold medal still rests in the hands, and arm, of California's Kathy Schmidt. (At Munich, the U.S. women won no golds; not since Mildred McDaniel took the high jump at the 1956 Melbourne Olympics has a U.S. woman won a field event.)

The hope may rest too much on that one arm. Because Schmidt is weak on technique and her approach run is slow, she has to compensate with her fast arm movement and astonishing power. Pro Shotputter Brian Oldfield calls her "all arm. If she gets some speed, she'll hit 240 ft." No devotee of training—she chain-smokes Tareyton 100s and quaffs beer with true zeal—Schmidt will check in at Montreal at 6 ft. 1 in. and 178 lbs., some 10 lbs. heavier than she would like—the excess due more to weightlifting than to beverages. Schmidt also will take to Montreal not only her immense desire to win, but her *élan*, something that her archfoe lacks.

East Germany's Ruth Fuchs is the world-record holder (she set a new mark of 226 ft. 9 in. just last Saturday) and gold medalist at Munich, where Schmidt won a bronze. Although Fuchs, 29, has been having the usual youth-v.-age difficulties—Teammate Sabine Sebrowski recently beat her—she is at her peak for Montreal. The compactly built (5 ft. 6 1/2 in., 155 lbs.) blonde from the village of Egeln is determined to bring home the gold again, not for herself this time but "for the people who pay the taxes that enable me to compete." Communist Party member since 1972 and honorary delegate to the ninth East German party congress last May, Fuchs, an enthusiastic supporter of the East German sports system which allows her "to go to the stadium and train without paying a single pfennig on the table." Once motivated by ego, Fuchs says winning is now "a political matter."

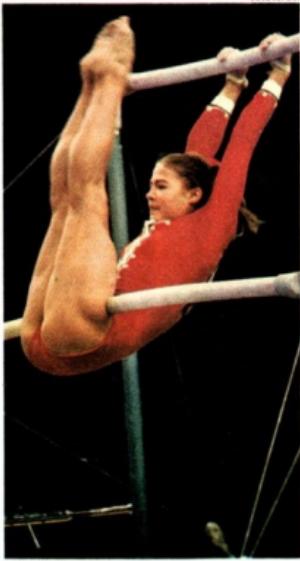
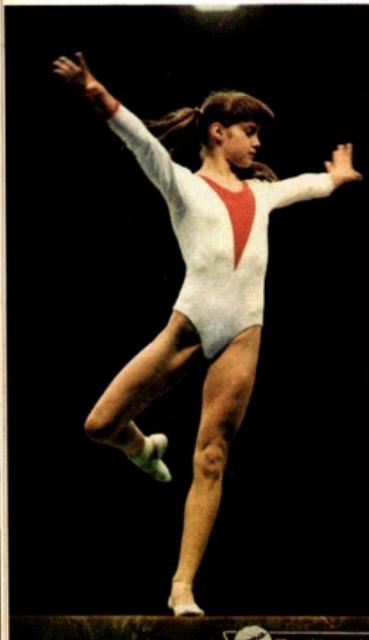
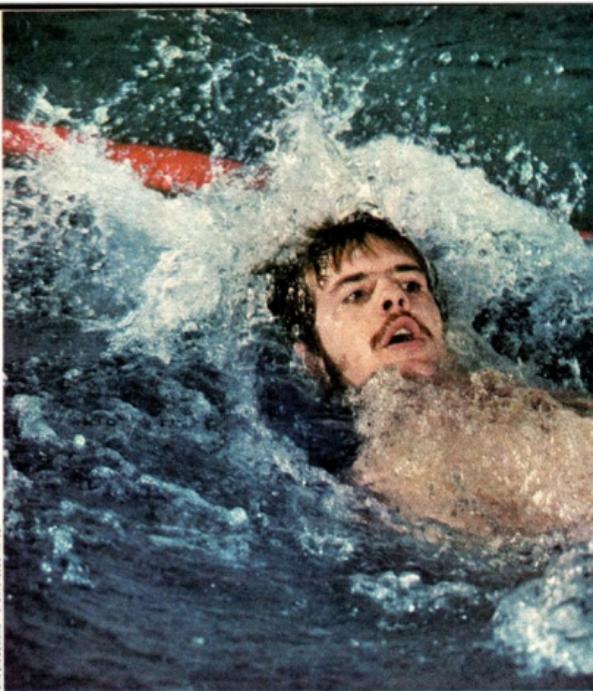
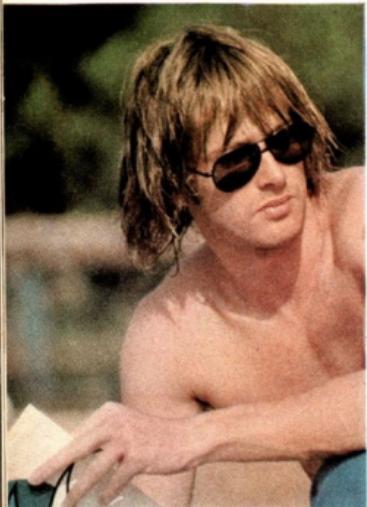
In many ways, Schmidt and Fuchs are the kind of opponents who bring an extra element of excitement to Olympic competition: athletes perfectly matched in skill yet diametrically opposed in style and temperament. Fuchs, the consummate technician who has spent most of the past two years in a training camp run by a government to which she is outspokenly committed. Schmidt, the power thrower who trains haphazardly and who recently quit the U.C.L.A. track team to protest the firing of the women's coach. The two have one thing in common. The loser will not complain about her coach—Schmidt because she does not have one. Fuchs because she is convinced that East German coaches are the world's best.

And they probably share another trait: the ability to ignore each other. "I must maintain the loose attitude I have now," says Schmidt. "If I look at the board to see how Fuchs is doing, I might tighten up. To win, I have to stay relaxed. How important this is can be seen in Schmidt's prediction of the winning distance: 'Between 213 and 215 will do it. At the Olympics, everyone is too tense to set world records in technique events.' Schmidt can throw 215. Fuchs, please note



Decathlon adversaries are Bruce Jenner of U.S. (top left) and Russia's '72 gold medalist Nikolai Avilov. Californian Kathy Schmidt will test East Germany's Ruth Fuchs.

East Germany's aging Roland Matthes (below) will try to repress splashy John Naber of the U.S. in the 100-meter backstroke.



The battle in the gymnasium: Rumanian Nadia Comaneci (left), Russian Olga Korbut (right) and Teammate Ludmilla Turishcheva.

THE 100-METER BACKSTROKE

TRY FOR A

LAST HURRAH

Of the 26 swimming events in Montreal, none will attract more attention from the cognoscenti of the sport than the 100-meter backstroke. The defending champion is East Germany's Roland Matthes, 25, an old man among swimming's *Wunderkinder* who four years ago set the world record mark of 56.30 sec. For Matthes, a skinny (155 lbs) six-footer, Montreal represents a last chance to add to his stockpile of seven Olympic medals, four of them gold, collected in 1968 and 1972. His challenger is John Naber, five years Matthes' junior, half a foot taller, 40 lbs. heavier and a record smasher himself. At last month's U.S. swim trials at Long Beach, Naber, a senior at U.S.C., toppled by 1.23 sec. the 200-meter backstroke world record of 2:01.87, held since 1973 by—that's right—Roland Matthes. In the 100 meters, Naber finished a mere half-second off Matthes' record time.

More effective at the shorter distance, Matthes is expected to enter only the 100-meter backstroke and the 100-meter butterfly, not the 200-meter backstroke. Thus a repeat of the events of August 1974 at Concord, Calif., will not be possible. In a dual meet there between the U.S. and East Germany, Naber stunned Matthes with his first backstroke defeats in seven years, whipping him in both sprints as well as the first leg of the medley relay. Following the meet, Naber wept after he received the East German's sweatshirt that he had exchanged for his own.

Although nicknamed "Snake" because of his unusual flexibility, there is nothing serpentine about Naber's cheery, fla-

key personality. He offers competitors back-slapping encouragement before races; after sinking his rivals he has been known to celebrate by throwing roses to the crowd.

Hyperactive in all he does—he habitually table-hops his way through lunch at school—Naber's seemingly unlimited energy is reflected in his approach to his sport. He plans to swim not only the two backstroke events but also the 200-meter freestyle—his time at the U.S. trials bettered Mark Spitz's 1972 Olympic winning time by more than a second—and two relays. "I'd rather be good at everything," says Naber, "than be excellent in one thing." Asked to size up his East German rival, Naber is characteristically generous and accurate: "Matthes is experience, maturity and talent, sure, but above all he is class. He is never bitter, never overly jubilant. I wish I could say that for myself."

Matthes is equally complimentary. Says he: "Naber has everything a great swimmer needs, and at 20 he is probably at his peak." With Naber in mind and with training to make up for what was lost because of a May appendectomy, Matthes has been swimming six miles a day, which is his normal workout distance. He has been improving steadily, and expects his condition will peak at exactly the right time—the first week at Montreal.

Ever unassuming and casual—he favors Western blue jeans and leather jackets—Matthes once harbored notions of becoming a rock-'n'-roll drummer, but has since decided on a more settled career: "sport research." More settled too is his active social life. He recently became engaged to the most impressive of all swimmers, East Germany's Kornelia Ender, 17, who last month set five world records in five days.

Though Matthes has been unable to top his own world record in four years of 100-meter backstroke competition, there is nothing like the Olympics to embolden an athlete—even an old one. Says Matthes: "It is going to be harder than ever for me, but I have a chance." Says Naber: "I can beat him. I'm not saying I will beat him, but I can beat him."

GYMNASICS

ROUGH AND TUMBLE

The *grande dame* v. the showgirl v. the teeny-bopper. As the experts see it, the women's gymnastics competition in Montreal is a three-way toss-up—with a half-twist, double back somersault, of course. Returning to defend her championship in what has become the glamour-girl event for Olympic TV audiences is Russia's Ludmilla Turishcheva, 23, the all-round competition gold-medalist at Munich, renowned for her controlled grace and classical repertory. The cameraman's favorite will be Turishcheva's celebrated teammate, Firefly Olga Korbut, 21, who flipped, tumbled, smiled and cried both herself and her sport into the spotlight four years ago as she flitted off with two gold medals of her own. And the romanticist's favorite will be Nadia Comaneci, a 14-year-old, 86-lb. Rumanian sprite who risks fancier flights than Tinker Bell could dream of.

The toughest task is faced by Turishcheva. Though the steadiest performer on her team—and the winner of the World Cup in London last fall—the Merited Master of Sport from Rostov-on-Don will be hard-pressed to repeat her '72 victory. She is still not fully recovered from a vertebral injury suffered last summer. A masseur will treat her daily in Canada. She recently observed: "In gymnastics, if you don't feel right, you might as well forget performing." Last month her training pace at the Palace of Sports in Minsk was up to five hours a day and her weight was down 7 lbs. (to 103), thanks to a fresh fruit and vegetable diet. Turishcheva has never looked more determined. Says she: "Nothing matters but first

place in Montreal." She may not be the crowd pleaser her two prime competitors are, but she has an attribute that always impresses athletes: she wins.

Unfortunately for Turishcheva, there is a new Olga Korbut. Soon after she won the balance-beam and floor-exercise golds in Munich, Korbut became the world's darling, and the Soviet team's ticket to exhibition performances in Europe and America. But the experience left her thirsty for Western-style perks of stardom, and her already cool relationship with Soviet Coach Ronald Knysh turned to ice. She announced at one point that she was "sick and tired of gymnastics," and talked of a stage career. "Capricious," was Teammate Turishcheva's delicate characterization. But the Korbut who trained at Minsk last month suddenly seemed a grownup; her concentration was mended, her mind was on her show instead of show biz, and she had a new weapon: maturity, to spring—along with some brand-new twists—on her foes at Montreal.

Nadia Comaneci, picked from her kindergarten class in the town of Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej (pop. 60,000) by her coaches because she was "alive," has advanced the sport of gymnastics as much as Olga popularized it. Frighteningly daring, she has developed a series of ultra-acrobatic moves that leave crowds gasping. The Salto Comaneci, to cite one, is a twisting, back-somersault dismount from the uneven parallel bars that one U.S. gymnast has a forthright word for: "Madness." Her derring-do, coupled with unusual stability in such difficult and dangerous moves as three back handsprings in a row on the beam, won her last year's European championship. (Korbut did not compete; Turishcheva was injured.) Comaneci has been criticized for being too serious while going through her routines. She responds: "I know how to smile. I know how to laugh, I know how to play. But I know how to do these things only after I have finished my mission."

That's it—*grande dame*, showgirl and a whopper of a teeny-bopper.

TV COVERAGE

BROUGHT TO
YOU BY...

It will be remembered as the long hot summer of the TV tube. From the Bicentennial blitz to the last flicker of the Republican Convention, the off knob will never get a chance. Midway through this sizzling season is the sports fan's ultimate midsummer's dream: 74 hours of Olympian extravaganza.

In the U.S. the Olympics are the exclusive turf—and track, pool and arena—of ABC. The Montreal Games will be ABC's sixth Olympics of the past eight. For the rights to beam the competition into the U.S. and to provide a "visual feed" to Latin America, ABC paid the Olympic organizing committee (COJO) \$25 million. To produce a U.S.-oriented version of the Games—through its own staff and technical facilities—will cost ABC another \$10 million. But don't fret for ABC's exchequer: at \$72,000 a minute, sponsors—the three biggest are Sears, Schlitz and Chevrolet—should pay the total \$35 million bill. Says ABC Sports Spokesman Irving Brodsky: "We'll break even. The Olympics don't make money, but they contribute a great deal—immeasurably—to the rise in ABC's prestige." And to the rise in its Nielsen ratings. If the Munich Games are any indication, roughly 45% of the prime-time audience, as much as the other two networks combined, will be glued to ABC during the Olympic fortnight.

To ensure this, ABC has embarked on the most ambitious TV project in history. Virtually all of the network's prime time (7:30-11 p.m., E.S.T.) on week nights, plus most weekend afternoons and evenings, will be devoted to the Games.

REGAN—CAMERA 5

ABC SPORTS SUPERBOSS ROONE ARLEDGE AND SOME MEMBERS OF HIS OWN OLYMPIC TEAM: BELOW, MARK SPITZ, AND FROM LEFT, BRIAN OLDFIELD, MICKI KING, CATHY RIGBY MASON AND BILL RUSSELL

With 21 sports on the Olympic agenda, ABC could fill the time merely by televising athletes in action, an approach that would produce a yawn heard round the world. Says the network's planning director for the Games, Geoff Mason: "The Olympics are much more than two weeks of moving bodies. This is a convocation of mankind unique in the world, and we have to get that across. The participants are talented people, and to bring them out as people is as important as broadcasting the events." ABC will use interviews with nearly 70 athletes that were filmed during the past 18 months in a dozen countries.

The final responsibility for what is shown belongs to Executive Producer Roone Arledge, who will be watching 32 monitors in ABC's control center. Explains Mason: "Once we hit the switch, Arledge will have to make instant program judgments." Another associate describes Arledge as "the guy who has to blend it all into one piece. If he does it well, it's a symphony. If not, it's just a lot of noise."

A conductor is only as good as his orchestra, and Arledge has given himself an Olympian team of about 30 commentators—not too many woodwinds, please—complemented by a crew of 470, including directors, cameramen, technicians. Anchor man is Jim McKay, the Walter Cronkite of TV sports, who, in a tempo as neatly clipped as his hair, will provide an overview and summaries of events.

Track and field will be handled by Keith Jackson, assisted by Experts Marty Liquori (the distance runner injured in the Olympic trials), Brian Oldfield (a former Olympic shot-putter), Bob Seagren (of pole vault and superstar fame), O.J. Simpson (he ran sprints before sweeps) and Wyomia Tyus (100-meter gold medalist in 1964 and 1968). Jackson, along with Bill Flemming and former Olympic Stars Mark Spitz, Donna de Varona and Micki King, will cover swimming and diving, while Chris Schenkel with Cathy Rigby Mason, America's Olga Korbut, will report gymnastics. Boxing and freestyle wrestling will be called by familiar Mouth Howard Cosell and Face Frank Gifford, respectively. For basketball, Old Pros Curt Gowdy and Bill Russell will be at the mike. Coaches of several sports will also assist.

Technical support has been provided by the truckload: actually, seven 40-ft. trailers. To broadcast from 24 different sites, ABC will be using 25 color cameras, including five mobile units and four Electronic Sports Gatherers—minicameras with backpack power sources. The ESGs, never used for live broadcasting at an Olympics before, should give ABC the flexibility it believes is essential.

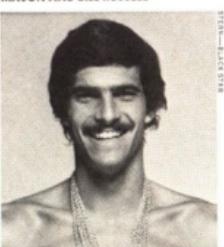
The operation will be controlled from a prefabricated, soundproofed TV headquarters that includes two full-sized studios, control rooms and a telecine center with twelve videotape machines and a slow-motion converter. No fewer than 36 tape editors will be on the job there, with 18 more in the field.

In addition to all this, ABC will be aided by CBC's 104 cameras. The Canadian Olympic Radio-TV Organization (ORTO), with a staff of 1,850, will supply video coverage—as many as twelve live signals simultaneously to broadcasters from 70 countries—that will be beamed abroad via three satellites. Says Mason: "We've created a monster—but a friendly one."

JOHN DOWIN

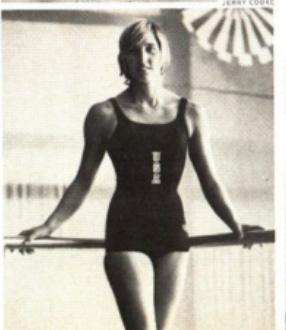


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STEVE KATZ—VISUALS

JERRY COOKE



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THE REFRIGERATOR THAT HELPS PAY FOR ITSELF.

The Return of *Porgy*

George Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*—that wondrous mix of jazz, blues, gospel, Broadway and European romanticism—is a treasure that has been hoarded too long. Productions have been rare over the past two decades, and not all that frequent during *Porgy's* 41 years of life. Now there is a new version that is really worth seeing and hearing. Surprisingly, at least to those unattuned to the activities of General Director David Gockley, it comes from the Houston Grand Opera, where the show last week completed an eight-day run. With former American Ballet Theater President Sherwin Goldman joining in as coproducer, *Porgy* this week begins a six-week engagement at Philadelphia's Academy of Music, and after that it will move to the Wolf Trap center outside Washington, D.C., then to Toronto and Ottawa. If enough people like it during the tour, *Porgy* will come to Broadway in the fall, where it ran for 124 performances in 1935-36 and again for 305 performances in 1953.

Lowdown Blues. Likable it certainly is. This production, though sometimes lethargic, comes closer to the original conception of Gershwin and Librettist DuBose Heyward than any previous stage version. Houston's key decision was to treat *Porgy and Bess* as a real opera rather than a somewhat fan-

cy Broadway musical. That meant restoring a good deal of rarely heard music. Gershwin's recitatives have traditionally been replaced by spoken dialogue. Most productions have entirely eliminated a brief, sensual scene showing the night life of Charleston, with the character Jasbo Brown playing some lowdown blues on a splendidly out-of-tune upright piano. They also usually omit Porgy's superstitious "Buzzard Song" ("Once de buzzard fold his wing an' light over yo' house/ All yo' happiness done dead") as well as several chunks of the last scene. All that restored material does make for a three-hour-long evening (Houston, wisely perhaps, has reconsidered and scrapped a few of the restorations), but it is well worth the time.

Since *Porgy's* music makes the same demands on singers as does any other opera, Houston has assembled two sets of soloists to alternate the roles of Porgy, Bess and Serena. Both are fine, but it is the first-night cast that will be especially remembered. Tall, willowy, insinuating Clamma Dale, a Juilliard School graduate who made her debut with the New York City Opera last fall, is a marvelous Bess. At 28 she has a luscious soprano voice that has a little bit of the young Leontyne Price in it and soon ought to be just right for Verdi and Puccini.

Porgy is the first major role for Louisiana-born Donnie Ray Albert, 26. He is a find. As the crippled hero he acts on his knees better than most young operatic hopefuls do on their feet, and he has a booming bass-baritone voice. Wilma Shakesnider has just the right blend of vibrant lyricism and common-sense demeanor to make Serena an appropriately righteous foil to Bess. Larry Marshall's Sportin' Life could use a touch more evil but is admirable in his dandified elusiveness. The depth of this cast is suggested by the presence of the veteran contralto Carol Brice, a regular on the concert scene since the 1940s, in the minor role of a neighborhood scold named Maria.

Despite Gershwin's use of the phrase, *Porgy* is not a folk opera—and particularly not a black folk opera. Such a notion implies a kind of ground-level realism that is just not there. *Porgy* is simply a fable about man's innocence in a hard and corrupting world. There is no reason, therefore, for contemporary audiences to be troubled by the fact that most of the inhabitants of Cat-

fish Row are stereotypes, and condescending ones at that. Mozart's Turks are stereotypes too, as are Verdi's gypsies, Puccini's gunslingers and, for that matter, Wagner's gods and gnomes. As with all opera, the message of *Porgy and Bess* lies in the music. The songs have long had lives of their own (what jazz musician has not improvised on *Summertime* or *It Ain't Necessarily So?*), but up there onstage is where Gershwin's triumphant work deserves its place of honor.

William Bender

When *Porgy and Bess* reaches Wolf Trap late in August, the operetta *El Capitan* by John Philip Sousa will be playing near by at Washington's Kennedy Center. What the two productions have in common is that they originated in Houston under the venturesome eye of a reformed baritone who, if no longer a boy at 33, is one of the wonders of American opera.

When David Gockley took over as general director of the Houston Grand Opera in 1972, the company was giving 27 performances a year to an audience of 60,000 on a budget of \$520,000. This season it gave 248 performances to 260,000 listeners at a cost of \$2.1 million (without a deficit). One reason for this growth was Gockley's introduction, in his first season, of an "American series" of operas in English. Cast mostly with young American singers and priced at budget levels (as low as \$1.60 a ticket), this series alternates with the original-language performances, and has attracted a new segment of the Houston community. Gockley's three-year-old Texas Opera Theater, a touring subsidiary that also uses young American artists, now gives close to 200 performances a year in Texas and five nearby states. Another innovation: the free, outdoor Spring Opera Festival, where Gockley first staged Scott Joplin's long-neglected *Treemonisha* in 1975. Gockley is perhaps the only opera director in the U.S. trained in both music and business. Born in Philadelphia, he studied composition and conducting at Brown, voice at the New England Conservatory of Music and then got a master's at the Columbia Graduate School of Business in 1970. In his first job at New York's Lincoln Center, he soon became involved in a corporate fund raising drive.

Bold Ideas. The reputation of Texans being what it is, Gockley may have gone to Houston thinking that plenty of money would be easily available. Not so. He soon encountered a lingering frontier mentality ("I made mine, son, now you make yours") and a feeling that, as Gockley puts it, "it was nice to keep the opera small, exclusive, uncontroversial." With his bold ideas and persuasive ways, David Gockley has begun to change all that.

ALBERT & DALE IN GERSHWIN LOVE SCENE



STANLEY R. NICHOLS

Is there an answer to the smoking question?

Should people smoke? They've been battling that one since the smoking controversy started. Smokers have an answer. Non-smokers have another answer. And the critics of smoking think they have all the answers.

But arguing whether people should or shouldn't smoke isn't going to change anything. The reality is that people do smoke. And they will continue to smoke. No matter what anyone says.

So perhaps a more realistic question would be: what should a smoker smoke?

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0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

Bill Rendered

BUFFALO BILL AND THE INDIANS, OR SITTING BULL'S HISTORY LESSON
 Directed by ROBERT ALTMAN
 Screenplay by ROBERT ALTMAN and ALAN RUDOLPH

America's most interesting active film maker, Robert Altman, has created a sly, wry, wise study of what fame does to people cursed with that most mixed of blessings. Buffalo Bill Cody (superbly played by Paul Newman) was a legend created out of flimsy cloth by a pulp writer and promoter named Ned Buntline (impersonated by Burt Lancaster), who lurks around the fringes of the film.

er—especially when he tries to make it rear in the grand manner. One suspects Altman has based his Buffalo Bill on movie stars he has known—people whose celebrity has cut them off from the reality that the rest of us share, as well as from their earlier selves, the selves that first touched a common chord and gave them their alienating fame.

The aging frontiersman is surrounded by an entourage of resourceful, managers, flacks (Harvey Keitel, Joel Grey, Kevin McCarthy) who are devoted about equally to managing his affairs profitably and to seeing that his egocentric whims do not cut too deeply into those profits. As usual in Altman's films, the minor characters are hilariously

that has tripped many in the past.

The only real trouble is that Altman seems to lack a sound sense for endings. The big scene is between Newman and the ghost of Sitting Bull (Frank Kress), who silently appears and disappears as Newman wanders through a midnight monologue about the vexing relationship between whites and Indians. Altman and Co-Scenarist Rudolph have some arresting notions on this subject—such as the white drive is to convert dreams into profits, while the Indians wish to convert dreams into experience. But the scene, in which a man stupefied by celebrity tries to comprehend such delicate matters, is windy and inconclusive. By no means is it the conclusion that this otherwise strong and interesting movie deserves. *Richard Schickel*



NEWMAN AS BUFFALO BILL, WITH HENCHMEN JOEL GREY (LEFT) & HARVEY KEITEL
They relentlessly con themselves, the better to con the public.

Buntline serves as a kind of chorus, singing counterpoint to the sleazy commercial tones from Bill and his more sophisticated manipulators. They seem to really believe that Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show is indeed "America's national family." They make it their business to paper over the fact that the star can no longer differentiate between the legend that has been created for him and the much plainer reality of his past.

Letch for Sopranos. Buffalo Bill is a foolish figure. Called upon to make speeches when, for example, Sitting Bull joins his troupe or President Grover Cleveland visits it, he turns out to be the master of the grandiloquent opening and the bumbling close ("May the sun never set on this great land, unless it comes up again next morning"). He has a letch for operatic sopranos and a strange hatred of birds, and he is comically unsteady on his snow white charg-

venal, conning themselves relentlessly, the better to con the public. The film's best running gag has Geraldine Chaplin as sharpshooting Annie Oakley, sniping closer, ever closer to Frank Butler, her husband, who must hold her targets steady while fighting against growing fear as she keeps testing the limits of her possibly lethal talent. Altman understates this joke, as he does literally hundreds of others, with his cinematic trademarks: overlapping dialogue and quick-flick cutting of film printed in faded colors, like old snapshots.

Moviemakers and playwrights love to employ a show as a metaphor for the world; customarily the works that use this device are impossibly pretentious and unpersuasive. As Altman presents it, this tatty wild West show is ill-choreographed and never delivers all it promises. Yet on the whole, it is an extremely graceful journey over ground

High Man Wins

THE MAN WHO SKIED DOWN EVEREST
 Directed by MITSUIJI KANAU
 Narration written by JUDITH CRAWLEY

In order to enjoy this film one must accept the idea that it is essentially sillier to climb the world's highest mountain in order to ski down a few thousand feet than it is to climb to the summit in order to plant your country's flag there. Neither is a useful or sensible adventure, yet both have a certain absurd grandeur about them.

Once one adopts that view, it becomes possible to settle back and enjoy this filmed record of Yichiro Miura's 1970 expedition. He spent \$3 million and involved upwards of 800 people in the attempt to position himself for a run of not more than a few minutes' duration up there on the roof of the world. The narration is adapted from a diary Miura kept during the several months of hiking and climbing required just to get to the top of his run. There are some attempts at prose poetry that are surely poised to soar into the existential atmosphere but succeed only in landing on the ear. But when Miura is not trying too hard, he demonstrates an intelligent self-awareness.

Moreover, the material showing how to stage a climb up Mount Everest has the fascination of any well-organized body of how-to information. This segment of the film forms an interesting contrast to the spectacularly beautiful footage of Miura's practice runs at the lower altitudes and the wildly scary stunts at the end, when he is literally in danger of sailing right off the top of the world (only a parachute allows him to retain a measure of control).

One should go to this film for the same reason Miura went to Everest—because it is a clean and clear experience of the sort that neither the movies nor life offers in abundance these days. *R.S.*

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Whether you look at it in social and humanitarian terms, or as a matter of cold economic reality, it comes out the same. The private sector—business—must maintain jobs and create new ones. And that means business must find the money to do it.

How many future jobs?

Right now, America needs millions of jobs to get people back onto business payrolls. But there's also the challenge of a growing

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How much money does it take to create a new job?

The average investment to

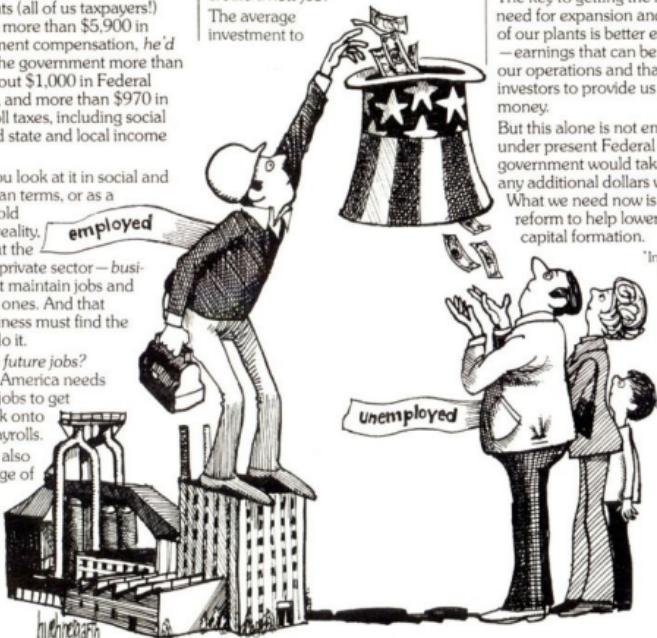
create a single new job opportunity in manufacturing is around \$25,000. By 1980, it'll be at least \$35,000 (or \$5½ billion to create 1½ million new jobs).

Where will that money come from?

The key to getting the money we need for expansion and improvement of our plants is better earnings*—earnings that can be invested in our operations and that will encourage investors to provide us additional money.

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costs of pollution control facilities in the year they are incurred, (4) eliminate the double taxation of corporate profits paid out as dividends.

If you agree that revisions in present Federal tax laws are needed to provide the additional capital for more and better jobs, we ask you to tell that to your

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Based on Road & Track magazine's consideration of hundreds of 1975 cars.



*Suggested 1976 retail price \$3,499. East Coast P.O.E. Transportation, local taxes, and dealer delivery charges additional. ^{1/2}Aug/Sept Associates test results. © Volkswagen of America.

The Swine Flu Dilemma

Fearing a repetition of the worldwide 1918-19 influenza pandemic that cost 548,000 lives in the U.S. alone, President Ford last March called for the inoculation of virtually all Americans against swine flu. His announcement had all the fervor of a declaration of war, and Congress promptly authorized funds for the largest public health measure in U.S. history. But the flu campaign has run into one roadblock after another. Last week it appeared close to total collapse.

The threat was an impasse over who would protect the vaccine manufacturers against a possible onslaught of lawsuits. Few medical authorities believe the vaccine itself is dangerous, but they point out that with so many shots being given, some reactions are inevitable. That would be true, as one drug spokesman put it, "even if we vaccinated the whole population with tap water." Worried about defending against many frivolous suits, insurance companies have refused to provide coverage for the manufacturers. So has Congress, although at week's end some compromise was being sought—perhaps legislation that would limit damages anyone could collect from drug companies.

The legal hassle was not the only problem. From the start, manufacturers have found meeting Ford's original goal of providing 200 million shots for the winter's flu season a staggering task; the quantities required are up to ten times the usual production run. In addition, local officials have complained that the cost of inoculations will greatly exceed the money available in the \$135 million package appropriated by Congress.

Seed Viruses. The doubts have been magnified by the fact that not a single new case of swine flu has been found since the strain (ominously similar to the 1918-19 virus) was identified in several hundred G.I.s at Fort Dix, N.J., earlier this year. Even Dr. Edwin D. Kilbourne of New York's Mount Sinai School of Medicine, a leading proponent of the Ford program, concedes that the Fort Dix outbreak could have been a "freak occurrence." Complicating matters further, the vaccine, grown in fertilized eggs from "seed" viruses developed in Kilbourne's lab, has been only partially successful in clinical trials.

Injected into some 5,000 volunteers, the vaccine appeared to offer good protection with minimum side effects to people over the age of 23. But it caused high fever in a significant number of youngsters. Concerned by these results, Dr. Albert Sabin, developer of oral polio vaccine and originally a supporter of Ford's program, reversed himself and said that unless there is an actual outbreak, the vaccinations should be lim-

ited to "high-risk" people, notably the aged and chronically ill. A rival polio-vaccine pioneer, Dr. Jonas Salk, disagrees. Describing the vaccine as safe, he pointed out that even a partial immunization program reduces the spread of the virus by closing what he calls the immunity gap. Said he: "Vaccine is the most useful tool we have for preventing viral disease."

Government health officials clearly agree. They note that the last major new flu strain—Hong Kong A—caused some 30,000 deaths when it appeared in the U.S. in 1968-69, and they hope to start giving swine-flu shots Sept. 1.

Genetic Moratorium

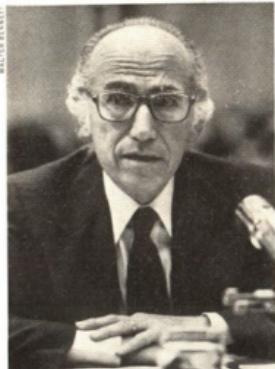
Worried that a wild-eyed professor might create a new killer germ, the town fathers of a New England community anxiously convene to deal with the possible threat.

Sound like the script of a third-rate science-fiction thriller? It is reality in Cambridge, Mass., where the city council moved last week to prevent Harvard University and M.I.T. from engaging in genetic research that could create new—and possibly dangerous—life forms.

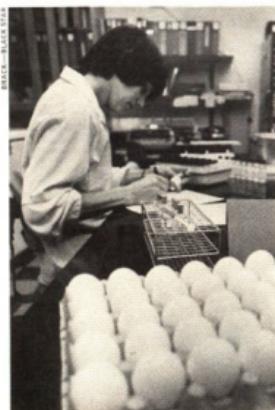
By a 5-to-4 vote the council demanded a three-month moratorium on the disputed research, which is already under way at M.I.T. The two schools are not legally bound to comply, and in any event, Harvard did not plan to open the new lab where the work will take place until next spring. But the council could put teeth into its order by declaring such genetic research a public health hazard and banning it within city limits.

What worries many of the townsmen is Harvard's intention to learn more about DNA, the master molecule of heredity, by inserting segments of DNA from other organisms into *E. coli*, a common intestinal bacterium often used in genetic research. Some scientists fear that fusion of these DNA segments with *E. coli*'s DNA might create new, lethal microbes against which humans have no immunity. To guard against this and other possible threats, the National Institutes of Health recently issued tough rules to govern such research.

Harvard's new lab will include, among other safety features, reduced interior air pressure (to keep germs from escaping) and sterilization of wastes. That was not enough to reassure the Cambridge council, led by Mayor Alfred Vellucci. After conflicting testimony from a host of scientists, including Nobel Laureates David Baltimore (for the research) and George Wald (against it), the council last week voted for the moratorium, during which a panel of scientists and lay members will consider the issue further. Gloats Vellucci: "We caught Harvard just in time."



PROPOSER JONAS SALK



GROWING VIRUSES IN EGGS



OPPOSER ALBERT SABIN

Suburban Furies

ORDINARY PEOPLE

by JUDITH GUEST

263 pages, Viking, \$7.95.

Judith Guest, 40, housewife and mother of three sons, living in Edina, Minn., sat down one day like a lot of other housewives to write a novel. The only difference is, her self-addressed brown envelope did not keep coming back. After two tries it became the first unsolicited manuscript to be published by the Viking Press since 1949.

If this rare publishing event leads any reader to expect a wildly experimental act-of-the-imagination, he has read too many commercial novels about uncommercial success, and he will be disappointed. *Ordinary People* is a quite good but thoroughly conventional novel that reads, in fact, like the old-pro product of an intelligent, thoroughly practiced veteran. Ms. Guest's hardy unorthodox subject is a middle-class American family from the Middle West. Make that upper-middle-class: the Jarretts live in Lake Forest, Ill., and father happens to be a tax lawyer. Mother runs a spick-and-span home (she is death on water spots in the shower) and plays golf and bridge on the side. Conrad, 17, is the sort of bright boy who ends up on the swimming team: clean and no-sweat in his sports.

TV Dinner. Only one thing spoils this family sitcom idyl: Conrad's older brother is dead, drowned in a boating accident that Conrad survived. Survival leaves Conrad feeling so guilty that he attempts suicide and has to be sent to a mental hospital, passing on his guilt, in turn, to father and mother.

Picking up the story after Conrad returns home, Ms. Guest deals with love and hate, forgiveness and the lack of it, madness and death—the themes appropriate to Greek tragedy. But she must deal with them in the terms of the well-made suburban novel. Panic equals the rattle of father's ice cube in one-too-many martinis. Despair equals the hundred small ways a Christmas Day falls apart, even when the keys to a new Le Mans for Conrad lie under the tree. Loneliness gets spelled out in the instructions on a frozen TV dinner.

The author writes almost too unerringly clever dialogue. Everything is bur-

ied under the ubiquitous wisecrack—the ironic putdowns and self-putdowns by which Americans play tag with their terror of failure. For failure is finally what *Ordinary People* is about. It may be Guest's ultimate irony that the older brother's drowning and Conrad's attempted suicide are only symbols for spiritual death—for a thousand subtle methods of neglect and undernourishment by means of which loved ones kill and are killed within the family circle.

What is this emotional malaise for

RETNA-ANDERSON



JUDITH GUEST AT HOME IN EDINA, MINN.
The rattle of father's ice cube.

which domesticated Americans pay the day-to-day price? Here again Guest is conventional. Too much self-control, she implies, too little trust of one's feelings. Thus the nearest to a savior the novel boasts is a flip-hip psychiatrist who eats doughnuts, drinks awful instant coffee and shares the floor with his patients because he can't afford a couch. His message to Conrad comes perilously close to the slogan of the '60s: LET IT ALL HANG OUT. Guest's alternate solution: the love of a good woman. Jeannine, who sings soprano in the choir to Conrad's tenor, almost backs into the '50s.

The form, the style of the novel dictate an ending more smooth than convincing. As a novelist who warns against the passion for safety and order that is

no passion at all, Guest illustrates as well as describes the problem. She is neat and ordered, even at explaining that life is not neat and ordered. Thus the suburban novel takes on the manicured-lawn aspects of its subject; and in its well-lighted game rooms the characters seem like padded billiard balls, they carom so discreetly.

Give the author credit though. She has written a truly haunted story in which agony gives gloss a run for the money. The Furies in her suburb are real, even if she seems to banish them with a spray of Warwick. *Melvin Maddocks*

The minor miracle that began when Viking bought an agentless, over-the-transom novel called *Ordinary People* did not stop there. Sales to Redbook, Ballantine Paperbacks, Reader's Digest Condensed Books and the Book-of-the-Month Club soon followed. Robert Redford's company has just bought the film rights. Judith Guest still does not have an agent, but with any luck she stands to collect something like half a million dollars. Will the resulting cash and carrying-on spoil things in the big, elm-shrouded house in the Minneapolis suburb where the author lives with her husband, three sports-mad sons aged 16, twelve and eleven, and a female malamute named Pax? "God, I hope not," says Ms. Guest. "I like it the way it is."

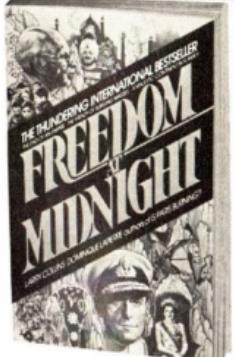
Total Amateur. But when she allows herself to look back on how things were during the three years it took to write *Ordinary People*, cleverness and common sense struggle with a kind of Erma Bombeck rue. "No

body had any underwear," she recalls. "Truth to tell, my family is very tolerant. But some days I'd look at the house and think it was a mess and say to myself 'Why are you doing this?' She wrote in the mornings when the house emptied, never at night. And rarely in the summer because the boys were out of school.

Though Viking did very little editing on her book, by all recognizable standards Judith Guest is indeed a total amateur. At the University of Michigan, where she earned a B.A. in education in 1958, she took no writing courses. "I was intimidated. There were lots of talented people around." Until *Ordinary People* the only public recognition she had was winning 60th place in a contest of 100

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Boston Globe



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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 1976.
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BOOKS

small prizes offered by *Writer's Digest* for short stories in 1970. Still, she describes herself as a "closet writer" from the age of twelve: "I just didn't talk to anybody about it." She admits to writing "seriously" for six years, has two failed novels still at home, plus a clutter of short stories. "The novels all grew out of stories," she explains, "because I can't seem to abandon the people."

Family Stress. She has never endured a tragedy like the one described in *Ordinary People* or been to a psychiatrist. But she is fascinated by how individual members of any family handle stress, and she has learned to live through deep bouts of depression, counting on experience and commitment to carry her through. Says she: "That's what the young don't have. That's why a boy like Conrad is so vulnerable." As for guilt: "Everybody's got that."

She has always had a lot of energy and read a great deal, mostly fiction, at a very high rate of speed (sometimes a book a day): "As a reader, I feel I have been assaulted and offended for years by books celebrating the Extraordinary." Hence *Ordinary People*.

Because she wrote so steadily and on so many manuscripts, her family never thought of *Ordinary People* as "the book." Her husband, the vice president of a microfilm company, has always supported her writing. One thing she hopes they will now have more time and money for is travel. The other is education. "With three boys to put through college, we always figured that when we got there we'd find a way to do it somehow. Now that's eased a bit." Success, so far, has been no problem. "Let's face it. It's great fun for a while to have people ask you questions and talk about yourself. But after a while with every interview you give away a big chunk of yourself. You could look up one day and find there's nothing left for you. When that happens I'll quit." Not writing, of course. Just giving interviews.

Notable

THE OLYMPIC GAMES:
THE FIRST THOUSAND YEARS
by M.I. FINLEY and H.W. PLEKET
140 pages. Illustrated. Viking. \$14.95.

The modern Olympic Games date from 1896 and were begun to promote sportsmanship and world peace. The original Olympics started in Greece in 776 B.C. and had their roots in the games staged by Achilles outside the walls of Troy to allay his grief at the death of his friend Patroclus. Now, just in time to coincide with the goings on in Montreal, two classicists and sports fans, M.I. Finley of England's Cambridge University and H.W. Pleket of the University of Leiden in The Netherlands, have culled through ancient records, reviewed the writings of poets and philosophers from Pindar to Plato to reconstruct just what the first games were like. Their ac-

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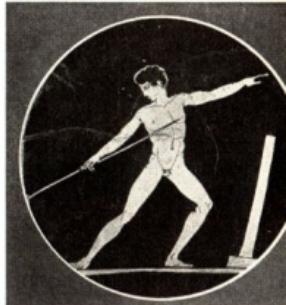
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BOOKS



ATHENIAN JAVELIN THROWER
First place or nothing.

count is enlightening. For sheer ballyhoo, bitterness and confusion, the ancient games resemble the modern Olympics much more than anyone might imagine.

Food and drink peddlers, promoters and itinerant entertainers surrounded athletes and spectators at the foot of Mount Olympus. (There was also competition for the contract to supply the games with olive oil, with which the athletes rubbed themselves before competing.) Professionalism, poor sportsmanship and sheer ferocity were rife. Some of the competitions were more violent than those in the games today. The most popular event was the pankration, a combination of wrestling, judo and boxing in which contestants punched, slapped, kicked and—if they could get away with it—even bit or gouged each other until one or the other quit. In such a struggle, the authors reveal, death was a far more common risk than a pulled hamstring muscle.

But, as in the modern games, athletes considered the rewards worth the risks. Presaging the late Vince Lombardi's dictum that winning was the only thing, the founders of the first Olympics placed little value on participation for its own sake. There were no prizes for second and third place at Olympia;



Simulated projection.

DWARF KICKING STUFFED PIG'S SKIN



an athlete took first or nothing at all.

For those who succeeded, however, the rewards could be substantial. Winners received handsome pensions and cash prizes from their native cities for their performances. More important, they gained lifelong prestige. Their accomplishments were listed in family records and read aloud at contests and public celebrations. The publicity made it easy for them to get into politics and become local Tyrant, an urban office which had many perquisites.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

by NOEL B. GERSON

218 pages. Praeger. \$8.95.

"So this is the little lady who made this big war," said Abraham Lincoln. The President was meeting the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for the first time, more than a decade after the book's publication in 1852. It was not simply a patronizing remark. Harriet Beecher Stowe really was small: "I am a little bit of a woman," she described herself, "about as thin and dry as a pinch of

make ends meet. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* changed all that. It was the first great American bestseller. In its initial year in print it sold 300,000 copies, and eventually more than 3 million American readers bought the book. Worldwide, sales ran to something like 10 million in 40 languages. In this plain but informative portrait, Biographer Gerson notes that Author Stowe never visited the Deep South before the Civil War. Most of her knowledge of slavery was gleaned from former slaves whom she met while she was living in Cincinnati (one of the busiest stops on the Underground Railway), though she did visit a working plantation in Kentucky briefly in 1833. In spite of the impact on the world of her celebrated novel, it turns out that except for the issue of slavery, she had scant interest in politics.

THE BLUE HAMMER

by ROSS MACDONALD

270 pages. Knopf. \$7.95.

"There are certain families whose members should all live in different towns—different states, if possible—and write each other letters once a year." This opinion comes from Private Eye Lew Archer, and he should know. As the hero in 19 earlier Ross Macdonald thrillers, Archer has become an expert in cankered genealogical trees; no sooner does he undertake an investigation of one man's family than he turns up the House of Atreus.

In *The Blue Hammer*, Macdonald is once more obsessed with the sins of the fathers and mothers. Archer is hired to retrieve a stolen painting, the work of an artist named Richard Chantry, who disappeared without a trace 25 years earlier. Or did he? New paintings in the Chantry style begin cropping up; either they are forgeries or reports of the artist's death have been greatly exaggerated. Archer is soon contending with new murders and old graves, not to mention several wayward young people and a host of Chantry relatives, lovers and enemies.

First Love. Macdonald dexterously amasses implausibly complex evidence. Happily, this book is stripped of the ponderous gothic ruminations that began to infect Archer's thinking several novels ago. Even under the influence of his first love affair in years, the detective manages to toe the line between world-weariness and sentimentality. If *The Blue Hammer* does not rank with Macdonald's best, the blame can be laid partially to earlier successes. The author's formula has by now entered the public domain. Not only do his characters seem to know this—and to act out their parts according to the rules—but fans are likely to know who did what to whom pages before Archer does. That kind of discovery will not necessarily diminish public appreciation of Macdonald's great skill—but it certainly will not do Archer's business any good.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE IN 1876

snuff." If *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did not quite start a war, it ignited the minds of people North and South, both for and against abolition. Tens of thousands of Americans who had not even read the book already knew Simon Legree as the classic slave driver and Uncle Tom as the black victim.*

Harriet Beecher Stowe was a well-known writer well before *Uncle Tom's Cabin* made her rich and famous. For a time, she and her preacher husband Calvin Stowe were too poor to afford a servant. Mrs. Stowe ran her house, cared for her twin daughters (the first two of seven children), churned out genteel, folksy stories and religious essays to help "long-suffering Uncle Tom was the embodiment of a Christian virtue." The critical critical was not until the mid-1950s that the virtue officially became a vice in the eyes of black militants.

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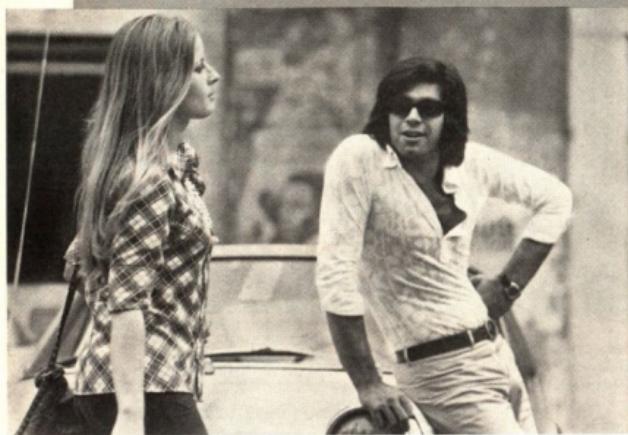
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YOUNG ITALIAN MALE CONFIDENTLY DISPLAYS TRADITIONAL LOTHARIO'S LEER

The Giovanni Smile

The archetype is instantly recognizable: curling, confident smile, tight pants, shirt unbuttoned with studied casualness, a flashing medallion nestled in the virile hair of a bronzed chest. He is the heir to centuries of tradition and folklore, the ultimate seducer, the possessor of alchemical secrets of the amorous arts: he is the mythical Italian lover. The myth took a body blow, so to speak, with the recent publication of excerpts from a 400-page study titled *Report on the Sexual Behavior of Italians*, or, as it was quickly dubbed, "The Italian Kinsey Report." The Italian male emerges from this study as a cursory, inept lover, crippled by a Don Giovanni complex that propels him endlessly toward the conquest of women.

Three years in preparation, the report is based on interviews with 2,150 adult men and women by a corps of researchers headed by Giovanni Caletti, founder of the Research Center for Sexual Education at Mestre, near Venice. Although his study was limited to the Veneto region in the northeast, Caletti points out that it broadly reflects Italy as a whole. Some of those attitudes reveal surprisingly miserable sex lives. Items:

- 22% of the women and 19% of the men admit that their sex lives are unsatisfactory.
- 50% of the women and 25% of the men say that they usually engage in sex "only to please" their partners.
- 46% of the women and 19% of the men admit that they fake orgasms.
- 49% of the women and a surprising 32% of the men report that they were virgins before marriage. Yet 79% of the

men believe that their wives were virgins at marriage.

"I am shocked by the high percentage of sexually unhappy couples," laments Caletti. "In other countries the right to sexual happiness has been fully sanctioned, but not here. Our own culture has not begun to deal with it." Caletti, who is married and has two children, puts much of the blame for the country's sexual debility on the overrated Italian male. "The Latin lover comes out of this pretty well beaten up," he says. "He is a bluff. In addition to his wife, a husband wants to possess a steady mistress and a few casual lovers too. The male is cursory and pluralistic. He is not interested in the quality so much as the quantity of his relations and, clearly, it is the women who pay for that."

Selfish Oafs. Female sexologists agree with some, if not all of Caletti's findings. Anthropologist Gabriella Parca calls the new study "anti-scientific" because it is limited to the Veneto region. "In the Veneto there is much more sexual freedom than in Sicily or Sardinia," she points out. "It is as though Kinsey had conducted his national study only in New York." But Parca and many other women agree with Caletti's debunking of the Latin lover myth. Parca characterized Italian men in her book *The Sultans*, published eleven years ago, as selfish, insensitive oafs. Now engaged in preparing a new edition of the book, she says that she has found nothing to warrant a change in that judgment. "It is still piratical behavior, even among the new generation of young men," she says. "Sex without commitment and without affection. That is still the prevailing attitude, and it is the reason for the schism between sex and sentiment."

Beauties and the Beast

Every summer West Point runs its fresh-faced plebes through a grueling eight-week training program known as Beast Barracks. This year there were some beauties in the Beast: 119 women, the first in the academy's 174-year history, joined 1,480 male plebes in the Long Gray Line.

Last Wednesday, the first day of the Beast, the rookie cadettes marched, did pull-ups (highest female score: seven; highest male score: 23) and had their tresses shortened to collar length by barbers trained at a local beauty salon. On a printed form not yet completely de-sexed, all plebes were asked: "What was the highest rank you attained in the Boy Scouts?"

Women have been integrated into the barracks, but the Army has built separate lavatories, and both sexes will be required to wear bathrobes in the hallways. Like Annapolis and the Air Force Academy, which have also just admitted their first women, West Point is determined to treat men and women identically. But there are a few exceptions at the Point: women will learn karate instead of boxing and wrestling, and they will carry M-16 rifles, which are 2 lbs. lighter than the men's M-14s.

Says Cadet Gay Gray of Dallas: "We know the eyes of America are upon us." The academy's superintendent, Lieut. General Sidney B. Berry, knows it too. Reminded that he once threatened to resign if women were accepted at the Point, the general said last week: "It was rather adolescent on my part. But I got over it and decided to do what a good soldier does—get on with the job."

FEMALE PLEBE SALUTING



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